Vol. CIV No. 20 September 30, 1977 75 cents

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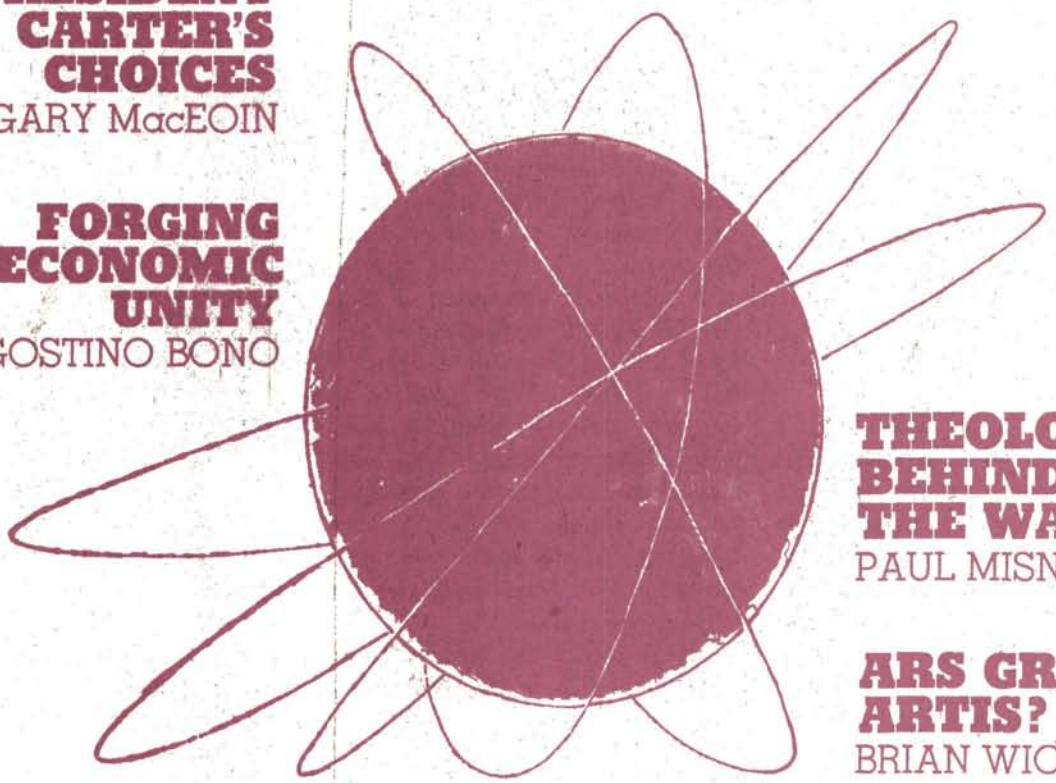

THEOLOGY BEHIND THE WALL
PAUL MISNER

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BRIAN WICKER

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1517 AND ALL THAT FRANK GETLEIN

A WELCOME INITIATIVE DESMOND FISHER

THE FAILURE OF LANGUAGE COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

ALSO: R. EMMETT CURRAN, SAM BASS WARNER, JR., RICHARD CONNIFF, KILIAN McDONNELL, JOHN HEIDENRY, PHILIP TERZIAN, PHILLIP CORWIN, ARTHUR A. COHEN

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CORRESPONDENCE

Breaking Ranks

Toronto, Ont.

To the Editors: John Deedy in 'News and Views' [July 22] states that "Westminster has been holding the line in the old Commonwealth against the ordination of women to the Anglican priesthood. But the solid front will be broken in 1979, when one Anglican church [the Church of Ireland] goes the way of its American cousin."

I would like to point out that the "solid front" was broken when the Anglican Church of Canada ordained its first women priests on November 30, 1976 (it has ordained several since). Canada is very much part of the "old Commonwealth."

JOANNE MCWILLIAM DEWART

Heeding Lefebvre

Norwalk, Conn.

To the Editors: I cannot help but agree with the sentiments expressed in Margo Hammond's article "Archbishop Lefebvre's Religion" [July 8]. The Archbishop's stand undermines those very concepts of Catholicism and authority that he claims to be upholding against the "post-Vatican II Church." The Catholic can never set himself up as the super-Christian over and above the Church.

But I wish to point out that in most heretical or sectarian movements in the Church's history, there is an element of rightful protest and of truth, even if that truth be perverted. It behooves the Church to pay heed to what truth there is in the Archbishop's movement, despite the clearly wrongheadedness of that movement.

It is significant that the outward and visible sign of this current so-called traditionalist movement (which is a real misnomer) is a return to, or a continuation of, the Tridentine rite of the Mass, with its Latin and accompanying baroque ceremonial. This is not merely nostalgia for the old ways, although this is certainly an important factor in this insistence on the Tridentine rite. It is also a protest against the state of the liturgy in the contemporary Roman Catholic Church in the United States. We must not allow the Archbishop's movement's blind opposition to the new rites and its general reactionary stance to blind the rest of the Church to the very real failings of the liturgical movement within the Roman Catholic Church. Of course, I speak as an outsider of sorts, as an Episcopal priest; but I speak as a friend who prays daily for the reunion of the Episcopal Church with the Roman Church.

I remember being excited in the early sixties, reading the works of Louis Bouyer, Josef Jungmann, and other leaders of the twentieth century liturgical movement, whose roots go back another hundred years. While I am basically a theological conservative, I was, and still am, impressed with the fine scholarship of these writers, and with their obviously genuine devotion to the Church's liturgy. And I looked forward to seeing the real fruits of the work of these men who fought so hard for reform of the eucharistic rites in the liturgical celebrations of the Mass in the parish churches.

But to attend the normal Sunday parish Mass in a Roman Catholic Church, despite the objective joy of being at the Eucharist, is more often than not for me an occasion of great pain. And the fault lies not in the rites themselves, which do have infelicities of language; but rather in the shockingly unliturgical way these rites are performed. The Mass has become in most parishes a barrage of words, with congregational response defined as mouthing responses, reading lessons, and singing hymns badly. This is not liturgy. I am not sure what it is, but it would not be recognized for what it is supposed to be by the Church Fathers, from Justin to Augustine, from Anselm to Aquinas. Nor would it be recognized as the great celebration of praise and thanksgiving by the leaders of the liturgical movement, from Abbot Vonier to Dom Gregory Dix. The complete lack of majesty, the abolition of nearly all ceremonial, the lack of understanding of the important role of aesthetics in the liturgy—all of these factors have produced a most sad state of affairs in the liturgical life of the Roman Catholic Church today in America.

One of the saddest effects of this deep liturgical malaise is the great erosion of genuine liturgical piety. One factor which killed off much of this piety was the combination of the typical either-or mentality of the Roman authorities and the strange puritanism of the Catholic liberals, both of whom saw it, and continue to see it, as their duty to repress and abolish all forms of piety which flourished before Vatican II. But what has really been the major force in the destruction of liturgical piety in the Roman Catholic Church is simply the uninspired and unliturgical manner in which the eucharistic liturgy is being celebrated in most parish churches. That any real piety should flow from a Eucharist carried out as if it were a town meeting (and that even without the genuine Protestant-individualistic flavor of such events), is an exceedingly dubious prospect.

Archbishop of Lefebvre's movement may turn us off, and for very good reason. But it should make us take a hard look at what has happened to the liturgical life of the Roman Catholic Church. I see this as one of the most important problems within that Church today, for it affects the very heart of Catholic worship itself—the Mass. I pray that the many glib and erroneous assumptions about liturgy which carried the day here in the United States in the Roman Church in the sixties will be re-examined; and that some basic liturgical sense and pride will once again be seen in the Mother Church of all Western Christendom.

(REV.) R. G. CIPOLLA

People's Parish

Savannah, Ga.

To the Editors: One line in Michael True's article on a "People's Parish" [*Commonweal*, Aug. 5] has been jang-

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ling my nerves ever since I read it: "(divorced Catholics) are reluctant to remarry unless a priest officiates at the ceremony; casual about some practices of the Catholic Church, they still feel guilty about breaking others." Having just been educated by a previous *Commonweal* article on the Church's method of dealing with divorces and divorced persons, I found Mr. True's dripping condescension galling. To imply that any Catholic who gets divorced does so "casually," to lump the Church's inhumane attitudes about broken marriages with other practices of the Church, then to further suggest that anyone who breaks one rule of the Church should at least be consistent and not feel guilty about breaking others— there's nothing like beating a man when he's down. It is terribly ironic that the author of an article praising the value of a Christian community does not understand the pain of people who not only suffer the personal tragedy of a wrecked marriage but also absolute rejection of their Church and (usually) their parish. I hope Mr. True learns something more of the meaning of the Living Spirit on his next visit to Wisconsin.

BETSY DARKEN

Cudahy, Wisc.

To the Editors: Michael True's article of August 5th on the Community of the Living Spirit documented one of the remarkable phenomena of Archbishop Cousins's administration of the Milwaukee Archdiocese: the ability to let competent people devise creative responses to pressing needs with a minimum of interference or obstruction.

However, his assertion that local parishes (presumably referring to those of the Milwaukee area) were largely characterized by a lack of development was gratuitous and wide of the mark.

Without taking away from the Community of the Living Spirit, it is by no means the only worthwhile thing happening in the Milwaukee area. A significant number of parishes have moved beyond the rather gloomy description Mr. True leveled, into some of the very areas attributed to the Community of

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COMMONWEAL
232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Telephone: (212) MU 3-2042
A review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Printed in the USA and published bi-weekly by Commonweal Publishing Co. *Copyright © 1977 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.**—US and Canada: $17 a year. Foreign $19. Single copy 75c. Special two-year rate $29.50. Foreign $33.50.*
Commonweal is Indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, and Book Review Digest. Microfilms from Vol. 1, 1924, to date available through University Microfilms; 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106. National Serials Data Program No.: ISSN 0010-3330.

"I'LL NEVER LIE TO YOU"

It seemed like a good idea in the beginning. At least it did to his Georgia friends, the little band of outsiders to national politics who had staked their careers and fortunes on the wild gamble that the American people, now disillusioned by the corruption, venality and hollow cynicism of the Nixon administration, were suddenly ready to make one of *their* people President.

It seemed obvious that Bert Lance would have to follow Jimmy Carter, Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell to Washington. After all, any president, particularly a new one, needs people he can trust. Lance helped make Carter governor. He was religious. He reformed the state highway department. He was a self-made man, an energizer who talked the businessman's language, a tight-fisted balanced (federal) budget conservative. And he was Carter's personal banker and friend.

But Bert Lance was vulnerable from the beginning. The same personal financial practices that enabled him to work his way to the top of Georgia banking and politics—using his bank's resources, through huge overdrafts, and the bank's plane in his 1974 campaign for the governorship; apparently using the same collateral to get two loans from different banks at the same time; allowing large family overdrafts in the bank he controlled even two years after he had written to the regional administration of the Office of the Comptroller in 1973 that he had ordered the practice stopped; getting personal loans from banks where he had placed his own bank's funds in interest-free accounts—made him a dubious choice, certainly well below Carter's promise of "the best," for national responsibility.

Now the evidence is growing that in the flush of victory the Carter staff, and perhaps even the President himself, either used very bad judgment or put personal loyalty ahead of the national interest in shoehorning Lance into the Office of Management and Budget; and they are compounding their initial mistake by their shifty efforts to keep him in the job. So we

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read now about lots of last-minute hustling around between November 22 and December 2, 1976 to tidy-up the embarrassments in Lance's record—the Comptroller's "enforcement agreement" prohibiting Lance overdrafts and FBI criticism of Lance's "sloppy handling" of his campaign expenses—so there would be no "skunks at the garden party" and Carter could have the man he wanted. And we have the wizards of the 1976 presidential campaign apparently incapable of interpreting Comptroller John Heimann's first report, not even realizing a second report was on the way, and misinforming the President that his stray sheep was safe in the fold. And we have Jody Powell, who should really be fired, planting a false news story to punish a critical senator.

In last week's televised hearings before the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee Lance salvaged much of his pride and some of his reputation with his tough, injured-innocence attack on his careless Senator-detractors; but he recaptured little of the professional and ethical prestige the Director of OMB must have to function well. This is no Watergate. It isn't even a major scandal. Lance would not leave office in disgrace but as a man of limited vision who can see only "in retrospect" (after it has become public) an impropriety he should have seen as improper when it occurred; and as the object of others' bad mistakes, the first of which was to select a man with his real financial and borderline ethical problems in the first place.

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FROM IRELAND

A WELCOME INITIATIVE

It is a deeply-imbedded Irish trait to look very carefully in the mouth of gift horses of whatever provenance. American offers of the kind are not exempt. The Irish take the view that U.S. generosity usually coincides with U.S. self-interest. Even when President John F. Kennedy visited his ancestral home in June 1963, the euphoria of his welcome was tinged with recognition of the vote-catching motive behind it.

President Carter's end-of-August statement on Northern Ireland elicited much the same response. On the surface, it was greeted rapturously though, perhaps, not as fulsomely as by Senator Edward Kennedy who called it "the most important and constructive initiative ever taken by an American President on the Irish issue."

Behind the Irish scenes, however, it was recognized that President Carter had his own reasons for his initiative. The main reaction was one of relief that his statement could be interpreted to suit the government's policy.

Exactly the same reaction was aroused in the camps of nearly all the other interested parties—the British government and Opposition and most of the moderate politicians in both communities in Northern Ireland. That in itself was a great achievement. Mr. Carter had proved all things to nearly all men. But the question immediately suggested itself: if it pleased—or, at least, did not antagonize—groups with such irreconcilable aims, did it say anything at all?

What it did say, in brief, was that the U.S. would maintain a policy of impartiality on the Northern Ireland issue: "there are no solutions that outsiders can impose." It expressed support for a form of government which would command widespread acceptance throughout both parts of the community in Northern Ireland. It called for a just solution which protected human rights and guaranteed freedom from discrimination and which the people in Northern Ireland, as well as the governments of Great Britain and Ireland could support. It called on Americans not to support the para-military organizations. And, finally, it promised that in the event of a peaceful settlement, the U.S. government would join with others in encouraging job-creating investment in Northern Ireland.

Since the statement had been cleared in draft with both British and Irish governments and was reportedly well "laundered" in the process, there was inevitably a blandness and vagueness about it. But Dublin was pleased because its role in finding a solution to the Northern Ireland problem was acknowledged, thus affording U.S. recognition to what is known on this side of the Atlantic as "the Irish dimension." And Dublin interpreted the reference to a form of government in Northern Ireland which both communities could support as an endorsement of "power-sharing," that is, the inclusion by right of representatives of the Catholic minority at Ministerial level in any new Northern Ireland administration.

Meantime, some Unionists in Belfast read the reference to the form of future government as support for a majority (i.e., Protestant/Unionist) administration, while other Unionists saw it as approving of moves towards the complete integration of Northern Ireland into the United Kingdom.

Where does this leave the Northern Ireland problem? It leaves it where it has always been—with the two communities in Northern Ireland and with the Irish and British governments. And this is where President

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Carter's statement may have some good results. For it could provide the impetus to break the political log-jam into which Northern Ireland politics have become increasingly locked.

Because of the impossibility of reaching agreement on the new form of government to replace the power-sharing Northern Ireland executive which collapsed in May, 1974, the British government has taken over direct rule of the province from Westminster. While this satisfies no one, it appears to be the temporary solution which is least objectionable all round.

The trouble with temporary solutions to apparently intractable problems is that no one wants to abandon them in case the alternative is even worse. So temporary solutions—like the 1922 partition of Ireland—tend to become more and more permanent. And a permanent situation of direct rule of Northern Ireland from Westminster could have only one long-term outcome: the complete integration of Northern Ireland into the United Kingdom, making it as much a part of the U.K. as the Home Counties or the Midlands.

It is the fear that such a process of "creeping integration" may be setting in which has pushed Mr. Jack Lynch, the Irish Taoiseach (Prime Minister) into seeking an urgent meeting with his British counterpart, Mr. Jim Callaghan. They are due to meet at the end of September to discuss the Northern Ireland issue. Mr. Lynch will undoubtedly press for a new British government initiative on Northern Ireland. Ideally, he is seeking a British statement of long-term intention to withdraw from Northern Ireland. Realistically, he will settle for a new bid to establish a power-sharing administration in Northern Ireland and some form of recognition of the Irish government's role.

President Carter's statement, which will certainly figure in the discussions, may provide the impetus which is needed for a new British move. Certainly, it cannot be ignored. And its promise of massive U.S. investment which could dramatically reduce Northern Ireland's unemployment—in July 1977, the figure was 68,893 or 13 percent—could be the bait which brings the jobless in both communities together in a new bid to end the economic hardship which is the lower part of the Northern Ireland iceberg.

But no one will take a bet on that.

DESMOND FISHER

(*Desmond Fisher is* Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Ireland.*)

WASHINGTON REPORT

1517 AND ALL THAT

After a quick flurry of interest a few months ago, discussion, even casual conversation, about the phenomenon known as "Euro-Communism" has just vanished here. In one way that's not bad, since what discussion there had been was mostly on the level of Henry Kissinger's fears and forebodings about NATO and "NATO secrets" should a Communist politician get a cabinet seat in Italy or France. The principal "NATO secret," of course, is an extremely open one, namely that that organization, not entirely inappropriately, has become the last refuge of Nixonism, a gift from one Nixon today, Gerald Ford, to another, Al Haig, the military Sammy Glick.

On a more serious level, however, it is unfortunate that neither the citizens, the press, nor anyone much in government is thinking at all about Euro-Communism because sooner or later that phenomenon is going to be incalculably important to Europe, to the United States and in world history. Its emergence, if that is what is now taking place, is comparable to the departure of the legions from Britain, the fall of Constantinople, the nailing of the 95 theses to the door of the Castle church in Wittenberg.

To understand that, however, first it is necessary to take Communism itself seriously, something it has always been difficult, if not impossible, for Americans to do. Historically, we have regarded Communism in one or both of two ways: first, we have thought of it as something invented and practiced by a bunch of crazy foreigners to annoy J. Edgar Hoover by supporting the Bill of Rights, opposing lynching, assisting in union organizing and engaging in similar subversive activities; these activities forced Hoover to conduct what was apparently the most far-flung burglary operation in American history, to interfere with the American political process and in other ways to trample on the Constitution in order to save it.

On the other hand, when we haven't thought of Communism as chiefly an annoyance to Hoover, we thought of it as chiefly an opportunity for Richard "Killer" Helms and his gang of perpetual adolescents at the CIA to play schoolboy games all over the world and well into middle age and beyond. Like Hoover, Helms was forced by the dread Communists to commit burglary and murder against his fellow-Americans in order to save them, quite possibly to create the whole drug scene of the 1960s and at least to join it enthusiastically, to destroy, apparently beyond salvage,

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the United States mail service to indulge his taste for reading other people's letters. If we are to believe John Ehrlichman—an act of faith not to be undertaken lightly —Helms may also be the only political operative able to out-slink Richard Nixon, extracting from that criminal the posh job of ambassador to Iran while at the same time allowing the criminal to crumble into the consequences of his crimes.

Whichever of these two rather grotesque American political figures we accept as our focusing glass for Communism, the result is the same: we do not see Communism as a thing in itself, which it manifestly is, but only as a force creating some very curious effects on our own political scene. Hoover and Helms—and Nixon, of course—probably *have* been the principal effects of Communism on America, at least in personal terms, but meanwhile Communism also exists out there in various places as a thing-in-itself, without relation to Hoover and Helms. It exists, in fact, as several things-in-themselves, of which Euro-Communism is the latest and arguably, in the long run, the most important.

One of the troubles we have in thinking about Communism as something more than the devil figure in the Punch-and-Judy show people like Hoover and Helms ran for so long, is a trouble we share with Communists themselves: we tend to take Communism on its own, i.e., Marxist, evaluation. Marxism fancies itself as a post-capitalist phase of human history, a delusion brought on by reading Marx, who was writing from the point of view of two highly vigorous capitalist states, Germany and Great Britain. In practice, of course, Communist governments have come into power not as post-capitalist but for the most part in pre-capitalist societies and not so much as an alternative to as a rather primitive form of capitalism.

Similarly, we, like Communists, regard Communism as an international movement, unified and either centrally directed or at least animated with the same, universal spirit of Marxism to such a degree as to amount to central direction. Actually, in practice, capitalism itself is demonstrably more international in its present forms than Communism has ever been or is ever likely to be.

That very question of whether Communism should be international or national was the ideological heart of (or the transparent excuse for: choose one) the quarrel between Stalin and Trotsky, with Stalin winning as a Russian nationalist. The enormous expansion of Communism into Eastern Europe was, of course, Russian nationalism continued by other means. Communism in Eastern Europe was installed by and is maintained by Russian arms and only by Russian arms.

The revelation of Communism as 20th century nationalism was something that went by us in the first, second and third instances and that a lot of us still haven't caught up with now the instances have doubled, almost tripled. Those first three, of course, were Yugoslavia, Albania and China, all of which became Communist states by force of native arms rather than Russian ones and all of which showed early and vigorous independence of, even hostility to, Moscow as the source from which all Marxist blessings flow. In Yugoslavia the country was actually geographically dismantled by the Nazis and Fascists during World War II, would probably never have been put back together without the strongly unifying government Tito has provided: Communism as agent of nationalism.

Yugoslavia is interesting in this context for quite a few departures from Kremlin orthodoxy; for one, Yugoslavs have consistently traveled more freely than citizens of any other Communist country, including thousands who went off to work in Germany and Scandinavia, a development unthinkable in Russia, or even East Germany, because if they were let out they'd not come back. For another, some rather cumbersome but apparently genuine form of industrial democracy is in the works, so to speak, with the workers in factories not only participating in but actually making management decisions. That one has a long way to go but the fact that it's started is a measure of the difference between what the Kremlin quite correctly used to denounce as "Titoism" and the Kremlin's own Communism as super-bureaucracy, derived, like so much in the Soviet Union at least as much from Czarism as from Marxism.

Euro-Communism is a logical continuation of Yugoslav Communism's experiments with freedom and democracy. Obviously, the whole movement is traumatic for Soviet Communism and its claims of primacy. It is not at all fanciful to compare this crisis in Communism with the 16th century crisis in Christianity, to see Dubeck, for example, in a role similar to that of his countryman, Jan Hus, a premature neo-Communist actually inside the Soviet empire instead of, like Tito and the French and Italian parties, outside. What Tito, Castro, Hoxha and Mao have brought into being in the Communist world is essentially the principle that finally brought religious peace to Europe: *cuius regio, eius religio,* the most profoundly nationalistic sentiment uttered 'till then in Christian Europe.

If Kissinger were still Secretary of State and Helms still in command of his murderous Boy Scouts, there would presumably be CIA thugs on station in Paris and Rome waiting to solve the problem of Euro-Communism by knocking off the first Euro-Communists to attain national office. Since we are widely believed to have given up foreign policy by assassination, those agents are probably not in place, but it is surely time we began giving serious attention to the challenges and opportunities presented by the most critical moment in Communist history since the train left Zurich.

FRANK GETLEIN

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A SUDSY AFFAIR

PETER STEINFELS

A few days from now, ABC-TV will unwrap a product called "Soap," and by the time you read this, all the television critics will have been in a lather. I have not seen "Soap." I will not be seeing "Soap." I prefer to remain among the great unwashed. "Soap" is a comedy, or so we are told. (I recall how *Playboy*, with a sure sense of its readers' intelligence, used to print "Humor" above the titles of certain articles.) "Soap" cannot possibly be funnier than the performance of television executives, producers, ad men, and assorted others, in its defense.

It should be established by now that commercial television programming is essentially a device for collecting large numbers of people and selling their presence before the screen to advertisers. This is a highly refined, highly competitive, and highly lucrative business. It is conducted by individuals who make up in energy what they apparently lack in imagination. A new idea injected into television is like a steel ball in a pinball machine; it is bounced back and forth, battered into one corner after another, flipped back into action as long as the lights keep flashing and those cash register-like bells jingle. "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" was a new idea. It played the soap opera to the point of the ludicrous. It had philandering spouses, an impotent husband, two members of the same family having an affair with one person (a cop), an occasional homosexual. So now we have "Soap." It has philandering spouses, an impotent husband, two members of the same family having an affair with one person (a tennis instructor), a homosexual. This is the work, I suppose, of the Creative Department.

One should not belittle the originality of "Soap." Notice, for example, the transformation of the cop into the tennis instructor.

"Soap" also changes the two sisters sharing a bed partner to a mother and daughter, thereby deepening the note of incest, which is one of the more hilarious subjects around at the moment. It compresses the deviant relationships into a tighter family circle, suggesting the full possibilties of family life in America. It adds some racial insults, a pinball that has been bouncing around since "All in the Family." And ABC scheduled the program several hours earlier in the evening.

At this point some people took offense—it seems there are always a few straitlaced Puritans who don't know a good joke when they see one. They professed the antiquated notion that making adultery, incest, transvestism, and sundry other foibles a laughing matter might dull the moral sensibilities of the several million children who would be watching TV at 9:30 (or earlier in some parts of the country). They proposed to boycott "Soap's" sponsors. And then the real soap opera comedy began.

"It's a very unhealthy situation," intoned the president of ABC, "when special-interest groups, stimulated by hearsay before a program goes on the air, determine what is right and what isn't for the viewing public." The gentleman did not explain that ABC has done its best to refuse advance showings, thus guaranteeing that the program's critics had only "hearsay" to go by. He did not elaborate on the process which *presently* determines what is right for the viewing public, and what role "special-interest groups" might possibly play in it. ABC, mind you, is not a special-interest group. It is the essence of public spirit, like the Red Cross or the Lincoln Monument—what Sam Ervin, in the great days of the Watergate soap opera, would call, with more than a slight hint of disbelief in his voice, "an eleemosynary institution."

No soap opera is complete without its boffo lines: "You'll never know what this means to me!" or "I've been waiting all my life for this moment!" They were not long in coming: "Censorship!" "Blacklist!" "If television knuckles under to those minority pressures," declared one advertising executive, staring grimly into the camera, "it will sink deeper and deeper in the quagmire of mediocrity." Would ABC knuckle under? Would "Soap" rescue us from the quagmire of mediocrity? Tune in tomorrow.

The tears were only beginning to flow. "Any realistic shows are off," moaned David Gerber. "Now they're looking for fantasy, escapism. . . ." Mr. Gerber is the producer of such realistic antidotes for escapism as "Police Story" and "Police Woman." You have to take a stand somewhere. Last year it was gratuitous violence, this year it's transvestism—I mean where will it all end? "Next year, they'll be saying they don't like fantasy because some report says it makes kids fantasize." (That is from Frank Price, president of Universal Television.) Is that a cloud on the horizon? No, it's "a dangerous new climate of repression." "I have a terrible fear," says Aaron Spelling, who counts "Starsky and Hutch" and "Charlie's Angels," among his contributions to civil liberties, "that the time will come when any of us who have ever been connected with a police show will be in front of a McCarthy committee."

Camera pulls back to show a worried looking Mr. Spelling hunched over his kitchen table. Fade, while organ music wells up.

Can there be true soap opera without the guiding words of the clergy? In liberal soap opera, that means the American Civil Liberties Union.

(Continued on page 638)

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LATIN AMERICA

PRESIDENT CARTER'S CHOICES

GARY MacEOIN

He will discover they are few and radical

The United States has traditionally regarded Latin America as a region to be manipulated in its own interest. We used World War II to eliminate our English and German rivals for influence and to establish a unified foreign policy set by us, a policy neatly transformed later into an anti-Communist alliance. New administrations in Washington do not change our attitudes and policies significantly. Our overriding concern since 1945 has been to maintain the status quo for military and economic reasons: military—to keep Russian (later, also Chinese) influence at a minimum; economic—to ensure maximum access and freedom of action to U.S.-based global corporations.

Neither objective remains valid today. Che Guevara's shortlived crusade in the Bolivian highlands, the one serious effort at outside infiltration, was a fiasco. It is abundantly clear that Communism thrives in Latin America, not through externally-inspired agitation, but through the reality of masses of hungry, unemployed and frustrated people. Similarly, it is increasingly clear that support of the global corporations does not automatically benefit the United States. U.S. companies abroad were indeed U.S. companies formerly, and they returned profits; today, as globals, they often find it profitable to make decisions that produce inflation, unemployment and even national security problems in the United States. Last year, for example, a consortium of U.S.-based banks—and bankers are now the cutting edge of and dominating factor in the global corporation community—lent $210 million to Peru when they knew it was about to buy fighter planes costing $250 million from the Soviet Union.

The United States has found no alternative rationale for its cold-war justification for neofascist dictators. Neither have we yet realized that these dictators—who must escalate repression and violation of human rights exponentially to maintain order without justice—are not necessary to or even supportive of the well-being of the United States, but necessary only to the global corporations whose purposes and objectives no longer coincide with ours.

Can we expect change from President Carter? Democratic Presidents, with Roosevelt and Kennedy as the normative examples, traditionally make cosmetic changes in Latin American policies. And Carter as candidate insisted that he takes the rich-country/poor-country conflict more seriously than did Kissinger or other recent policy-makers. "It is quite likely in the near future," he said last August, "that issues of war and peace will be more a function of economic and social problems (north-south) than of military problems (east-west). . . . As long as the more powerful nations exploit the less powerful, they will be repaid by terrorism, hatred and potential violence. . . . Insofar as our policies are selfish or cynical or shortsighted, there will inevitably be a day of reckoning."

In office, Spanish-speaking Carter has made the symbolic moves expected of a Democratic President. He stresses human rights. He has cut off *some* military funds to *some* dictators for violating human rights. But politics is devious. An emphasis on human rights can be used externally as a legitimating theory for all U.S. foreign policies—in the same way as the Soviet Union

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and the Third World use "exploitation" and "imperialism"—when some of these U.S. foreign policies are inimical to the ultimate achievement of human rights. Brady Tyson's experience is significant. He was slapped down, not for his comments on Chile—far less critical than those of Carter as candidate—but for not appreciating that U.S. diplomats must not "give away" the human-rights issue, but rather manipulate it to obtain political value, political leverage.

So we must ask, as St. Peter asked Dante who had recited the Creed to establish his right to enter heaven: "Well indeed have you described of these coins the purity and weight; but tell me, do you have some of them in your purse?" Or as DuPont chairman Irving S. Shapiro said in March on Carter's human-rights statements: "There is little danger of economic retaliation by other nations so long as we are in the area of talk and not action."

Actions

So what significant action has Carter taken so far? The few announced cuts in military aid do not qualify. Their effect will long be minimal because of major amounts in "the pipeline," amounts the Pentagon can multiply as miraculously as the loaves and fishes by the frequently used expedient of declaring the appropriate items "superfluous to our needs" and selling them at bargain-basement prices. Other methods of circumvention also exist. The Center for International Policy revealed in January that 69 percent of aid to the Third World, bilaterally and through institutions whose decisions the U.S. administration can manipulate, is not reviewed by Congress. Only 21 percent of $357 million to Chile last year was debated and authorized by Congress; and Chile for all the pious denunciations of candidate Carter is not on the condemned list and has never been named by President Carter for its monstrous continuing violations of human rights. Chile, as well as Argentina, also gets equipment and police training under the Drug Enforcement Act, aid reputedly used for "internal security" as well as drug control.

What is, however, really significant is Carter's choice of advisers. We have "image-making" persons known to favor radical change in domestic and foreign policies, Andy Young and Brady Tyson at the UN, Pat Derian as State Department coordinator for human rights and humanitarian affairs, Sam Brown to head ACTION. All these are subordinate positions, in which the role and radius of action—as Brady quickly learned—are determined by higher-up policy makers.

Nor was any clear policy line discernible in Rosalynn Carter's tour. The choice of Jamaica as starting point could be read as showing a country can be democratic, left-wing, friendly to Cuba, and still our friend; while the inclusion of Brazil shouted aloud that a dictatorship can be tyrannical, right-wing, but also our friend. The arbitrary choice of countries to visit and not visit may suggest a desire to continue recent efforts to downplay Latin America as a force and stress bilateral arrangements between the shark and individual sardines. And sending his wife to amuse the children while he was busy with grown-ups on both sides of the Iron Curtain has seemed to some observers a typical U.S. gaffe in dealing with our macho neighbors.

Behind the gestures, the reality. And the reality is that the key policy people, many retreads from former administrations, are business-oriented and business-involved, with little interest or experience in Latin America. Sub-secretary of State for Latin America Terence Todman, has spent most of his diplomatic career in Asia and Africa. His known qualifications for the job are study in Puerto Rico and two years in Vesco-controlled Costa Rica, an experience calculated to give the illusion of understanding Latin America President Johnson revealed when he said he needed no advisers for dealing with the Dominican Republic because of his years teaching Chicano kids in Texas. Todman, says a State Department colleague, is a hardliner, tending to "dub as Communist all reformist activities."

To guide Todman and the President we have 15 members of the Trilateral Commission organized by banker David Rockefeller in 1973 to defend the rich nations against the poor by coordinating policies of the United States, West Europe and Japan: Vice-President Mondale, national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, Sec/State Cyrus Vance, Sec/Treasury W. Michael Blumenthal, Sec/Defense Harold Brown. Deputy Sec/State Warren Christopher, Coca-Cola chairman Paul Austin as adviser. Secretaries of State in particular are a Rockefeller monopoly, John Foster Dulles, Christian Herter, Dean Rusk, Henry Kissinger, and now chairman of the board of Trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation Vance.

Supporting this front line is another David Rockefeller group, the Council of the Americas, in which Vance has played a key role. It started modestly as an advisory body of 20 top executives to help President Kennedy "implement" the Alliance for Progress, meeting regularly with State Department officials, an arrangement never duplicated for any interest group. More than 220 corporations are now members, with a $1 million budget, full-time staff in Washington, and representatives in Latin America. The Council works closely with the American Chamber of Commerce (40 percent of its international branches are in Latin America), entertaining government leaders and courting U.S. public opinion with full-page advertisements in influential publications. They are backed up by the American Bankers Association, the American Petroleum Institute, and the National Association of Manufacturers. The U.S.-Brazil Businessmen's Council and similar organizations in other countries dominate the monthly meeting of our ambas-

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sador with U.S. citizens, so that the viewpoint of the global corporations is fed into both ends of the machine. Business is thus the only interest that consistently presents its viewpoints on Latin American affairs to U.S. policy-makers, viewpoints the more acceptable because the recipients have come from business and plan to return to it.

Academia should logically serve as a counterforce, an alternative and unbiased source of the knowledge that is power. Our universities, however, are so far behind the current realities in our kaleidoscopically changing world as to provide little useful output. A learned journal last year sent me for review *Latin America in the Year 2000*. It was a 1975 translation of a 1968 meeting in Lima of the Inter-American Planning Society; and it will be a college textbook for a decade or more. And that's where most of our academics are at, except for a few young Turks whose audience and impact are woefully limited. The general public is abysmally ignorant, thanks to the near-total dependence of the media on information provided by the public relations experts of the global corporations. Business, and only business, knows what it wants.

Carter is consequently impotent until he develops advisers from areas other than business—labor leaders, scholars, cultural and humanitarian groups. He must improve the government input of knowledge enormously, for example, by tapping nongovernment specialists to write unclassified reports and to work for short spells in the State Department. He must build a new and radically different team if he is to reverse the U.S. policies that have been the dominant factor in producing the present order without justice in Latin America, policies that—if continued—promise to engulf all of us in chaos by the year 2000. Carter shows few signs of a determination to seize and wear that historic mantle.

LATIN AMERICA

FORGING ECONOMIC UNITY

AGOSTINO BONO

Now that Jimmy Carter is settling down in the Oval Office to conduct practical dealings with Latin America, he will find a region much more united than in the past. The unity is being forged around economic matters as Latin nations are turning inward to see how they can complement each other rather than constantly seek aid from abroad.

The introspection is based on the growing current belief that Latin nations cannot individually stand up to pressures applied by foreign-based companies and industrialized nations. "The integration of our economies is the only way to escape our dependence," said Venezuelan President Carlos Andres Perez, one of the prime movers of Latin economic unity. "Today's world, with the strength of the transnationals and the vigor of industrialized countries, will not allow authentic independence and authentic development to any of our countries," he added. "The integration of Latin America will be done by ourselves for ourselves or it will be done by transnationals for industrialized countries which give them their strength and political support," said Perez. Venezuelan petrodollars are helping finance regional integration projects.

The practical results of this introspection include plans for Latin American multinational companies, greater trade movement within the region, greater sharing and development of indigenous technology and formation of producer associations similar to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries.

Much of these efforts comes under the newly-formed Latin American Economic System (SELA, after its Spanish initials). SELA, headquartered in Caracas, Venezuela, stems from an agreement signed Oct. 17, 1975 by 25 Latin American and Caribbean countries to foster economic integration.

Cuba was one of the original signers, an indication of rising Latin political independence from the U.S., which still does not have normal diplomatic and commercial ties with Fidel Castro's island country.

The creation of Latin multinationals is considered the pillar of economic integration. The companies can be formed by private and/or state capital from two or more countries. The idea is to pool resources, capital and technology making it easier to compete with foreign-based firms currently dominating the regional markets.

Already, over 10 Central American and Caribbean countries have pooled their shipping fleets to form a multinational transport company capable of serving Caribbean needs. Individual countries lack the quantity

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and types of ships to service their intra-regional and extra-regional needs. Other Latin countries are formulating plans to organize regional multinationals to develop locally produced nutritional supplements for the region's high percentage of starving children.

Latin integrationists say the development of regional multinationals is the only way their companies can compete with foreign-based enterprises having access to international financing and government officials of industrialized countries. Latins prefer to call these companies transnationals, saying they are above the laws of any country including the United States. They document the charge by citing the post-Watergate scandals involving bribery and illegal payments made to U.S. officials and officials of other countries.

Latin multinationals would be different, they say, because the companies would be subject to the laws of the countries in which their capital originates and would be part of larger national and regional development programs formulated by states. Such multinational plans imply sharing and developing of regional technology.

"If Peru wants to build blenders for the domestic market, why does it have to buy technology from the U.S. when it can get it from Argentina," said Miss Elena Martinez, United Nations Development Program official in Lima, Peru. U.N. agencies are providing technical and financial assistance to Latin integration projects. "Argentine technology is better for the needs of the Peruvians. It is not as new nor are the appliances as stylish as General Electric's. But Argentine appliances are cheaper and more durable. They last longer. Peruvian consumers can't afford to buy a blender every few years. For them the purchase is a life-time investment," she said.

The basic movement of technology is from the more developed nations, such as Argentina and Mexico, already possessing well-developed industries, to the lesser developed countries.

When Latins talk of pressures from industrialized nations, they specifically mean the U.S. The U.S. is the region's major trading partner and continually manages to keep its Latin books in the black even when U.S. trade with the rest of the world has been in the red. The U.S., directly or indirectly, is the main source of Latin American private and public borrowing. Many nations need loans regularly to meet their ever-mounting foreign debt obligations.

Current Latin introspection was fostered partly by the Nixon-Kissinger years of neglect when there was no coordinated U.S. foreign policy, especially regarding Latin America's growing nationalism. The pragmatic policy consisted of arm-twisting against countries developing positions unfavorable to U.S. economic and political interests. The most dramatic example was CIA efforts to help overthrow Salvator Allende, Chile's elected marxist President. Allende died during the military coup of September, 1973.

Latins have been used to reacting to an overall U.S. policy such as FDR's "Good Neighbor" and JFK's "Alliance for Progress" rather than developing their own coordinated effort. The absence of a regional Kissinger policy coupled with the continued existence of U.S. pressures aided the introspection as a form of self-defense.

The result has been a desire for practical formulas encouraging economic independence. The general complaint is the same as before: most of the wealth generated by the region's natural resources ends up abroad.

The Pattern

Latin America is a major producer of agricultural products and minerals which it exports to industrialized countries and then reimports in the form of much higher-priced packaged foods and finished products. Greater integration could mean a Latin America practically self-sufficient in natural resources. Mineral riches include oil (Venezuela), copper (Chile and Peru), iron (Brazil and Mexico), tin (Bolivia) and uranium (Argentina and Brazil).

Agricultural products include grain and beef (Argentina), coffee (Brazil and Colombia), sugar cane (Cuba and Brazil), soybeans (Brazil), bananas (Ecuador, Colombia and Central America). Latin America has one of the world's largest untapped forestry reserves.

The newness of the current approach is Latin efforts to develop their own programs and to solve internal problems rather than throw all the blame on foreign exploitation.

"To explain all regional problems as a consequence of external dependence is an unconscious form of fomenting its perpetuation. It means negating the existence of internal factors in each Latin American society which finally explain why dependence exists," said Francisco Javier Alejo and Hector Hurtado. Alejo, a Mexican, and Hurtado, a Venezuelan, helped form SELA. "It is often said that we Latin Americans talk much and do little. We are called responsible for our failures because of this lack of ability to concretize in programs and projects the aspirations we proclaim," said Perez. He and Mexico's ex-President Luis Echeverria (1970-76) were the key promoters of SELA.

One of the main internal factors preventing integration has been the Latin penchant for attempting to solve problems by organizing bureaucracies and passing regulations which often are too cumbersome in practice for successful execution. SELA hopes to overcome these criticisms by being "flexible" and "pragmatic," according to Perez.

SELA is not a substitute for existing integration

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efforts. It provides technical assistance and advisory research to existing organizations and new projects trying to get off the ground. Whenever two or more member countries agree on a project they can immediately get SELA assistance without seeking the approval of the other SELA members.

The stagnation of other Latin integration organizations is often attributed to the cumbersome, time-consuming process by which all members must pass on policy decisions before an individual member can take action.

In October, 1976, Chile formally withdrew from the Andean Common Market because it favored more liberal regulations for foreign investors. The other five members opposed Chile's proposals. Failure to reach common agreement caused the lack of a unified policy for three years, stifling foreign investment plans in all six countries.

Still, the Andean countries are integrating. Estimated 1976 trade among the six countries is $900 million compared with $295 million in 1973. Latin integrationists cite this as an example that something concrete is happening and economic integration is beginning to operate on its own stimulus, despite setbacks.

THEOLOGY BEHIND THE WALL

PAUL MISNER

The isolation of Christians in East Germany

To see the parishioners out in front of church after Mass, talking animatedly with one another and with the priest, took me back to a village in staunchly Catholic Westphalia, one of the few areas in West Germany where church attendance is still strong. But I was visiting *East* Germany this hot summer Sunday; it wasn't a village but an industrial city; and the church we had just come out of was not built in the eighteenth century to accommodate the whole village, but was a small medieval church which had been Protestant since the sixteenth century. The Catholics were able to use it at 8:00 A.M., before the regular, not so well-attended service of the Lutheran parish.

I had to admire the spirit of those Christians of either tradition who pay their "church tax" and otherwise engage in more or less conspicuous activity on behalf of Christianity. They complain about the extra shifts and the scarcity of consumer goods, but sometimes they cheerfully maintain that their less prosperous lifestyle has its good sides. For many the sound housing and basic services that all enjoy compensate for the drabness of their cities and the dearth of stocked shelves in the shops. But few of us would wish to share the dilemma they face, when, for instance, the question of *Jugendweihe* comes up for a member of the family. This ceremony is a sort of Communist-atheist confirmation, by which the young citizen is expected to dedicate oneself to Marxist ideals expressed in terms unacceptable to Christian believers. It is widely held to be distinctly disadvantageous for one's prospects in work or training not to have undergone this dedication.

The consistency with which the church resists this sort of demoralizing threat is perhaps greater than one would have expected, given the fact that Catholics have always been thinly spread over the present territory of the (East) German Democratic Republic. The five percent or so who did live there fifty years ago were largely dependent upon the home mission fervor of the churches of Breslau to the East and Cologne and Munich to the West and South. With the greater mobility of the working force, accelerated by the war, priests followed in increasing numbers from these established Catholic areas. The late bishop of Meissen, for instance, Otto Spülbeck, came out of the Catholic Rhineland and was a member of the Oratory in Leipzig, which was founded by a band of young Rhenish priests in the 1920s. They were deeply involved in the Catholic side of the youth movement (*Neudeutschland* and Guardini's *Quickborn* were two of the leading groups) and belonged to the activist, relatively progressive wing of German Catholicism in the early twentieth century called the "Cologne direction" (or "tendency:" *die Kölner Richtung*).

A real wave of Catholics broke over the land after 1945, as the Russians expelled the German Silesians and sent them West. In this period the number of Catholics in East Germany doubled to over ten percent of the population. Many did not stay long, however, and since the stabilization of the East German population brought about by sealing the borders (Berlin

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Wall, August 1961), the Catholic quota has been about eight percent or 1,300,000. With them came (and, in part, went) their priests, mostly from a solidly Catholic environment, and they helped the church in East Germany overcome the habit of dependence on Catholic centers elsewhere.

The result was an expanded network of parishes, many of them reluctant guests in Protestant churches. There were also refugees like the priest Hermann Hoffmann, however, who joined the Una-Sancta group as soon as he came to Leipzig in 1948. This was an ecumenical circle founded during the Nazi period by a Protestant theology professor and an Oratorian. Hoffmann, who was already seventy when forced to leave Breeslau and who died just a few years ago at the age of ninety-three, had been active in the youth movement since before World War I. After it he took up the unpopular cause of peace despite Versailles, and was one of the few Catholics present at the international ecumenical assemblies of the twenties in Stockholm and Lausanne. Understanding Protestants was no new exercise for him.

A few days after the Wall went up in Berlin, Alfred Bengsch was named bishop of Berlin and insisted wisely on residing in East Berlin. Cardinal Bengsch is thus the leading Catholic churchman of East Germany, all the more so since most of the present bishops have been appointed subsequently and evidently with his approval. The natural bent of a person in this position is to forge and maintain a disciplined church body, not seeking trouble with the regime but ready to meet it firmly on matters of importance. He has strengthened the parish base and provided for the training of future priests while showing a marked lack of interest in private initiatives or experimental forms of pastoral care which have the potential for slipping out of ecclesiastical control. One can understand his caution, in view of the practical break-up of ecclesiastical cohesiveness under pressure from state ministries in some other Communist countries, without suppressing one's regret that little attempt seems to be made to distinguish between healthy and unhealthy initiatives in the Christian people.

A case in point that has been reported in the West is that of the "Evangelic-Catholic Letter Circle." In 1958 Karl Herbst, a priest assigned to the diocese of Meissen, addressed to his Catholic and Protestant ministerial colleagues on the occasion of the church unity octave the question, "What are we *doing* for Christian union?" Together with a Protestant pastor, he proceeded to write letters on topics of interest in the ecumenical dialogue and send them to subscribers, who numbered upwards of 1,500 during and after the years of Vatican II and showed no signs of waning interest—after all, there was no surfeit of reportage on the Council there. Among other subjects, he took up the question of infallibility as early as 1963 and that of papal primacy late in 1969, showing a gift for luminous clarifications and concentration on the heart of the Gospel. He aligned himself with those Catholic theologians whom the East German conference of bishops perceived as being "critical" (as opposed to "positive" and "ascetical"). Nevertheless, as long as Bishop Spülbeck was alive, he interposed himself as a mediator between Herbst and the bishops' conference under Bengsch. After his sudden death in June, 1970, however, the Letter Circle was precipitately dissolved and Herbst was disavowed as a fit representative of the Catholic side in ecumenical discussions. Herbst asked for and received a leave and has since worked as an orderly in a hospital.

Herbst and his theology never had access to print, since publication is strictly limited by the government. The one licensed Catholic publishing house has to supply all the needs of religious publication. One wonders, in these circumstances, if the bishops did not make things a bit too easy for themselves in thus taking advantage of the conditions created by the government to suppress or control public opinion. No one has suggested that the ecumenical letters were an embarrassment to the bishops in their dealings with the regime; the crunch came more over Herbst's discussion of authority in internal church matters (as applied to *Humanae Vitae*, divorced Catholics, celibacy and so forth, the same questions which have long agitated Catholics and their ecumenical discussion partners in the West).

To round out the picture and soften it somewhat, we should look at the Catholic theology officially available to East German Catholics. Only a very few theological works are ever imported into the country. Even the private scholar is well advised not to try to bring any across the border. As far as I can tell, books and periodicals of Western origin are fairly well limited to the libraries of the state-supported institutions, i.e., the Faculty of Evangelical Theology of the University of Leipzig and the seminaries. Other single copies find their way to reviewers for the prestigious old *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, which has remained in Leipzig. This leaves books published in the *Ostblock* itself as the main channel for keeping up with scientific theological work. Leipzig, which used to be the publishing center of the German-speaking world, still harbors several nationalized publishers and also the above-mentioned Catholic firm, the St. Benno Verlag. Like so many other products in the planned economies of Eastern Europe, its books, calendars etc. are largely spoken for in advance of their publication date or soon thereafter. The press runs are always limited by the amount of paper made available under government restrictions. An allotment of paper contributed by the West German conference of bishops is allowed in addition.

How effectively has this publishing venture been able to support the cause of theological renewal in East

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Germany? The documents of Vatican II in Latin and German were published and disseminated, at least among the clergy. Postconciliar developments in the official church, *Populorum Progressio*, *Humanae Vitae* and so forth, have also been provided with editions in translation, but little in the way of published commentary, except for Werner Becker's aids for the ecumenical dialogue. A good number of books and booklets communicate the newer approaches in the study of the Bible, an important basis of the conciliar renewal in theology —here one can read reprints of West German works as well as high-level local work by well-known exegetes such as Heinz Schürmann and Wolfgang Trilling.

Since St. Benno has to provide for the entire range of Catholic publishing: diocesan, liturgical, devotional, popular, catechetical and pastoral, as well as theological in the strict sense, it is perhaps worthy of note how the problem of keeping abreast has been confronted. Since 1958 the house has put out a sizable annual volume, a collection of articles from inside and outside East Germany by mainstream theologians (including some felt to be too "critical" by Herbst's superiors!). In a way, this theological roundup was a sort of anticipation of more recent Western attempts at international theological publication in periodical form (*Concilium, Communio*). Of course, in this case it is for the purpose of keeping the isolated churches of Eastern Europe in touch with outside developments. It is a highly praiseworthy effort, but one which only underscores the difficulties that face the theological laborer in East Germany.

The generation of seminary professors, writers and editors now active in East Germany was for the most part still able to get their doctoral training in the theological faculties of West German universities. With that avenue now cut off, there is a considerable interest developing to strengthen ties (not only or primarily on the level of theological research) with the church of Poland. A much broader, solider base of Catholic population and institutions exists there, even a Catholic university in Lublin. Younger Germans who speak Polish are not unwelcome. Whether the Polish church is so traditional-bound as we tend to think of it, and hence impervious to theological research of a rigorous kind, I do not know; but I doubt that there is a theologian in the West who has read enough of its output to be able to make a judgment on it.

After a visit to East Germany even a theologian ignorant of Polish begins to see in Poland the most promising avenue for printed and personal scholarly exchange between Catholics of the First and Second Worlds. Has anyone investigated the possibility of sending seminarians or other students to Poland for a year's study? Would the government block contributions of books or money for the purchase of foreign publications? Gift subscriptions of theological journals are certainly possible.

The isolation of many Christians in Eastern European countries seems bound to grow more acute as time goes by. Channels opened by way of Poland would have an indirect effect beyond its borders, not least in aid of the Catholic minority in East Germany.

ARS GRATIA ARTIS?

BRIAN WICKER

Where legitimate pastime ends and forgery begins

In the last few months, the art market has been put in a terrible tizz because of the activities of a Mr. Tom Keating, who—so I gather from what I read—has been doing some very good imitations of Samuel Palmer paintings and selling them to his friends. (Never, he says, to people who didn't know what they were buying.) Naturally, like any big money-making commodity—in this respect forged paintings are much like battle tanks or armalite rifles—Mr. Keating's products have not stayed with the people they were originally sold to, and some dealers and collectors have been caught. (One difference between the art trade and the arms trade is that, whereas the art dealers make a big public fuss when things get into the wrong hands, the arms salesmen have to keep quiet for political reasons.)

The incident raises the question of where a legitimate pastime ends and forgery begins. For example, if Mr. Keating had taken less trouble, and just gone in for photographing the paintings, he would not have got himself, or anyone else, into much trouble: a breach of copyright, or the rules of some gallery or other perhaps, but not forgery—that is, passing round a copy that looks so like the original that a mistake could be made. Yet everyone knows that today, photographic reproductions are barely distinguishable from the original, at

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least from the distance that paintings are normally looked at. (Many people in Britain can nowadays borrow a Titian or a Van Gogh from their public library, and hang it on their walls for a couple weeks.)

Walter Benjamin was the first person to discuss this kind of problem intelligently. On the one hand, the original work always has what he called an "aura" about it that came from its unique past: its traceable history and connection with the man and the age it came from gave it an indefinable radiance which is an intrinsic part of its aesthetic value. So to try to pass off a "Samuel Palmer" which in fact has none of this "aura" is a kind of cheating: and no doubt ultimately, if the forgery industry goes much further than it has so far, it could undermine our whole sense of tradition, our feeling for the past as past; our *understanding* of the past. Yet it is also evident that modern techniques for reproducing works of art have already undermined that sense to a considerable degree: and that these same techniques have revolutionized our very concepts of what art is. To say that, as long as Mr. Keating's imitations are indistinguishable from the real thing, nobody has been cheated because they have had the same experience as if they had seen the real things, is to ignore the fact of the "aura" that hangs about originals. On the other hand, an art which is in principle reproducible at will (and what art today is not?) is a different sort of thing, a different activity, from what the past meant by art.

One way of describing Mr. Keating is to say that he is a forger: a kind of criminal. Another is to say that he has simply upset the vulnerable and delicate mechanism of the capitalist art-maker. The "fetishism of commodities" has today grown to such an extent that it is virtually an epidemic of elephantiasis. I suppose people started it because they thought art-works were a secure way of making money grow. The combination of prestige-value and scarcity-value (after all, the number of works by any one master is necessarily finite) is a powerful weapon in the hands of the millionaire. Professional critics helped too, by insisting that only people who had access to the originals could fully appreciate what artists had done. The industry for making photographic reproductions had to be controlled, of course, by copyright laws and the like: but that wasn't too difficult, since you could always tell the difference by a close look. And as long as the prestige of painting (as distinct from photography) could be kept up, by various kinds of argument, some sound and some merely snobbish, things would be all right. But the coming of the forger has upset all these calculations. I suppose he was to be expected; indeed he has existed for a long time. But what if—say—the Japanese got into the business of forging Rembrandts in a big way, with their usual efficiency: where would the art-market be then?

One cannot help feeling that, despite the dangers, forgers like Mr. Keating are providing a useful service, in punching a few holes in the unacceptable mask of capitalism. But the thing that one ought to be focusing attention on is the much more serious question of the effects of reproductions of art-works on the whole concept of art and our access to it. For the fact—whether we like it or not—is that the coming of what Walter Benjamin called "the age of mechanical reproduction" has already changed our feelings and attitudes radically, and there is nothing we can do about this. Early in the century, the Dadaists had to go to extreme, outrageously scandalous lengths to destroy the "aura" that surrounded high art. Nowadays, every photographer, every recording studio, every film maker is doing it all the time, without any fuss at all. This is hardly the place to discuss these large questions at length: but a few observations on one aspect of it may be in order.

As long as the media are controlled by large corporations, whether state-subsidized or not, they will have to see to it that two conflicting interests are kept well apart. One is their interest in keeping the capitalist market in "the arts" alive, not so much by stimulating new ideas in it as by preserving its archaeological side. They do this by providing more and more opportunities for the great unwashed to come into contact with that world. Thus in Britain, during the "Lord Reith era" of the BBC, during and after the war, enormous strides were taken in enlarging the audiences for "good music," especially on radio. Similarly, in the TV era, the BBC gets huge handclaps for such programs as the series which was—simply but tendentiously—entitled "civilization," in which Sir Kenneth Clark, a notably patrician art-historian, took viewers on a guided tour of the European art-world. Quite characteristically, such efforts were given their own "channels," either exclusively, or as part of a "serious" end of the spectrum. Meanwhile, in another part of the forest, things happen which, if given their full rein, would undermine the whole aesthetic on which that conception of "art" and "civilization" is built. In the world of the hi-fi stores, the record shops, the domestic film-camera and the amateur photographic industry, art can become spontaneous. The consumer of "art" can now become his own producer, the unique masterpiece becomes a piece of household furniture in a million sitting-rooms, the carefully considered and solitary works of the writer are superseded by the instantaneous response to events of the documentary producer and the TV interviewer.

But a carefully organized division of responsibilities, between these two worlds, has the effect of deflecting the challenge to old conceptions of art and defusing its revolutionary possibilities. Academic critics can give lectures on Dadaism—that is safely past, packed away into "history"—and meanwhile Samuel Palmer can go on making money for his owners by being turned into money—as long as Mr. Keating is kept at bay. But at

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the same time, the masses can go on looking at coffee-table art books, and take their own portraits: the owners of the Palmers being, of course, the very same sort of people who make the camera films, and publish the books.

One of the absurdities that is generated by all this is the contemporary copyright law. What sense does it make to prevent people from legally making copies, on their own cassette recorders, of gramophone records, when the very corporations which make the records also make the recorders? Of course, if people want to do this, they should be expected to pay for the labor of artists, engineers, etc. in the studios where the records were made. But instead of devising a system to make this possible, perhaps on the lines of the arrangements we now have in Britain whereby authors get their due rake-off from their books each time they are borrowed from public libraries, all our society does is maintain a facade of laws against reproductions while, with the other hand, encouraging people to break it by buying the apparatus to do it with.

For example, every so often the BBC will remind people, through its house journal the *Radio Times,* that it is illegal to record most BBC broadcasts without permission. At the same time, it makes it virtually impossible for anyone to borrow the original tapes the BBC holds. A few concessions are allowed, under strictly controlled conditions: for example, broadcasts for schools can be recorded and used *in school* during the term in which the broadcast was given—but not otherwise. But in general, the only thing you can do safely is make records at home for your own use. In other words, you mustn't do anything to disturb the smooth workings of the art market. But even private recording or reproduction is often illegal; and doubtless, if things got bad enough, we might have an army of snoopers round to check up on it.

The absurdity of this situation is obvious. What Mr. Keating has done, in his little bit of the field, is show how absurd it is. Who can blame him?

THE FAILURE OF LANGUAGE

THE SCREEN

In the last issue I was suggesting that Werner Herzog should be thought of as a kind of seer, perhaps even something of a mystic. Only then does the nonsense begin to make sense in his films. Those films are a peculiar combination of an impulse both to comprehend all of life and at the same time to respect its incomprehensibility. The result is films that are like parables. The only way Herzog can embrace life fully enough is to deal with it in a symbolic and anagogical way instead of a literal one. Rather than the explanation of a particular situation, his films are revelations of the general. The colony of dwarfs in *Even Dwarfs Started Small* or the African desert in *Fata Morgana* are microcosms of all creation. They suggest everything while specifying little. In almost all of Herzog's films to date, in fact, the characters behave, like figures of myth, by the laws of the imagination alone. They behave only in accordance with the laws of Herzog's own imagination, which is an all-consuming, singular and very private one.

By contrast, Herzog's newest film, *Stroszek,* seems the most naturalistic he has made. It's the straightforward story of a petty criminal (Bruno S.) and his prostitute girlfriend Eva (Eva Mattes). When she attempts to live with him, the two thugs who have been acting as her pimps begin to terrorize them both. To escape this persecution, they decide to join Stroszek's aged friend, Herr Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who is immigrating to America to live with a cousin in rural Wisconsin. As is suggested by the use of the actors' names for the characters they play—Bruno S. is the vagrant and ex-mental patient whom Herzog featured in *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* (1975)—Herzog intends his film to seem, ambiguously, a document as well as a fable. Yet at the same time, *Stroszek* is only a document in the same peculiar sense that *Fata Morgana* is. At heart it is still predominantly an attempt to mystify and mythologize all life. It's an attempt once again to comprehend the incomprehensible.

As in past films, so here, Herzog attempts almost physically to comprehend as much of human civilization as possible. He does this by seeing in Stroszek's immigration a continuity between European and American cultures. Soon after Stroszek's arrival, the parallel between the Germany he has left behind and the America to which he has come is implied by an incident he witnesses. Two farmers engaged in a legal battle over a strip of land ride on their enormous diesel tractors armed with rifles and stare provokingly at each other across the disputed ground. Thus does rural Wisconsin become, like the institution in *Even Dwarfs,* the microcosm of a nation—an East and West Germany in miniature.

Even before Stroszek leaves Germany the parallel with America and the impossibility of escaping his problems there seems inevitable. From his cellmate in the opening scenes to the pimps who terrorize him, half the people Stroszek knows in Germany wear Western hats and cowboy clothes like the Wisconsinites (indeed, like Stroszek himeslf, after he has been in America a time). In Germany Stroszek goes to a doctor who once treated him and now consoles him in his new troubles with a tour of the hospital nursery. Holding up a tiny, wrinkled baby the doctor asks philosophically

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who can tell which such infant will be a great man. And in America Herr Scheitz, who looks almost like the infant, begins to have delusions that he is a great man, the discoverer of animal magnetism. So does the immigration to America become, in effect, the passage from infancy to senility—life's pilgrimage not to the promised land, but to ruination.

At times Stroszek's fate is, like the desert life portrayed in *Fata Morgana,* accompanied by a kind of solemn rhetoric. At one point, for instance, Stroszek tries to explain to Eva his feeling that America does to the spirit what Germany does to the physical and political man. Were we to take it seriously, such an insight into his own situation would at the least be out of character for poor Stroszek. But I don't believe Herzog intends us to take it seriously any more than we did the voice-over narrative in *Fata Morgana.* While Herzog was a teenager, as I mentioned last time, he took a hike all around the sealed frontier of Albania. In his film, both story and dialogue are similar gestures —an attempt to get as close as possible to what can never be entered or known directly. Like the overarching symbolism of Herzog's plots, any rhetorical wisdom those plots may contain is only an effort to surround a truth which exists, by its nature, in silence.

In *Land of Silence and of Darkness* (1972), in fact, Herzog made a documentary about a woman both blind and deaf. The fascination she had for him was not so much her extraordinary ability to understand the world outside herself, but rather our inability to enter and understand the world *inside* her. In *Stroszek* Herzog again deals with a character who lives, increasingly, after he immigrates to America, in a land of silence and of darkness. What really binds together the episodes of Stroszek's life more than anything else is the failure of language. The more different ways of talking about human experience are introduced into the film, the less sense language makes to Stroszek. The immigration to America makes us especially aware of this since Stroszek speaks no English. When he, Eva and Herr Scheitz arrive in Wisconsin, Scheitz's cousin greets them with a sign reading "Willkommen" on one side and "Welcome" on the other. But Stroszek's experiences in Germany don't translate in such easy, hospitable ways.

Like the cowboy imagery, the failure of language begins back in Germany itself. It begins in the opening scene when some prison officials insist on using formal language while processing Stroszek for release, even though, as he objects, they know each other well. After agreeing with a stern lecture the warden gives about his not drinking, Stroszek goes right to a beer hall on his release. And the philosophical, generalizing response which that doctor makes to the terribly urgent, particular problem Stroszek brings him is equally meaningless. Bad as the lines of communication are in Germany, however, their breakdown is of course worse when he gets to America. A talking myna bird that was one of his few companions in Germany is confiscated by customs. At first Herr Scheitz acts as interpreter for him, but after awhile even Scheitz himself reverts to speaking German to Americans, who only shrug and walk away. (One of these is an auctioneer who has, ironically, just sold off with his own double-talk the trailer in which Scheitz and Stroszek live.) In the end Stroszek stomps off in inarticulate rage as a cowboy-hatted trucker boasts in C-B argot over his radio about just having stolen Stroszek's girl Eva.

In Germany Stroszek earns money as a street singer, and at one point we hear a performance he gives where he narrates and interpolates each verse of his song before he sings it. This anticipates beautifully the duality of his experience in Europe and America and the double failure of language for him. Ultimately the myth Herzog would create here is a very pessimistic one. All the efforts to comprehend the incomprehensible leave us, in the end, with a pretty empty universe. At the end of this film, after he has lost his home, his Eva and his friend Scheitz, Stroszek leaves a truck he has stolen circling by itself in a parking lot and goes off to commit suicide. That driverless truck going round and round is an image Herzog has employed before. It's a horrific image of the attempt to encompass somehow a void which we cannot know in any other way.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

A REFLECTION ON JAZZ WOMEN

MUSIC

The announcement for an all-women's jazz concert billed as "Le Jazz des Femmes" gave me pause recently. I had never heard of a counterpart Le Jazz des Hommes, and I knew enough about segregation to know that separate was not equal. A well-intentioned (*New York Times*) critic indirectly illuminated the source of my discomfort. Headlining his review JAZZ DES FEMMES BELIES CLICHES, he complimented the woman saxophonist for her *big* tone, the trombonist for her *assertive* sound, the drummer for her *aggressive*

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swing, the pianist for her *firm* touch. That these women demonstrated qualities traditionally attributed to men proved that they could play in the accomplished manner of men. It is a salient point and I am glad that critic, Robert Palmer, made it. But I would like to make the converse point that jazz women have another way to go, not to mention possibilities of their own invention.

From mid-1920 to mid-1930, it is true jazz was defined by the full-toned, full-bellied, aggressive, brassy trumpet voice of Louis Armstrong, Father of Hot Jazz, called "Pops." Pops's style was matched by the sharp, passionate, powerful, dramatic growling voice of the leading tenor stylist, Coleman Hawkins, called "Bean" and "Hawk." In and around 1935, an entirely new voice emerged, the rebel tenor voice of Lester Young soon called "Pres" for President. He riffed soft, light, sweet, breathy murmurings floating like a disembodied voice in space. The dichotomy between his style and Hawk's was not between female and male. It was between cool and hot, covert and overt, introspective and extroverted. Pres drove as hard *laying back on the beat* as Hawk drove frontally on top of it.

The point of this delineation is that jazz is not *ipso facto* so-called masculine, yet women tend to gravitate toward the big and aggressive to legitimatize their entry into what is really a macho brotherhood. The macho is reflected in the jazz musician's martial idiom —terms like "cutting" and "carving" contests, or "battles" waged against peers and upstarts for supremacy on the instrument called an "axe"; victory is called "running everybody out."

So alien is the jazz woman (a term of convenience to differentiate *her* from the jazz *man*) to his midst that she does not have a name in his vernacular. "Jazz man" interchanges with "jazz musician" and "cool cat" and "hip dude," but distaff terms connote appendages rather than equals: "old lady" for wife (legal or commonlaw), "chick" for young female, "bandstand girl" for the equivalent of rock's "groupie," "girl singer" for woman vocalist. Variations on these perpetuate the satellite image: "chicken dinner" and "kitten" for young female, "mouse" for the more mature female. Pres called women "hats," as in his comment about his sexual needs, "I got to keep wearing a *hat*." The bassist Billy Taylor substituted "girls" for the word sardines in anticipation of his favorite repast, "I got a can of *girls*. Lend me your opener."

With or without a name, the woman instrumentalist on the bandstand with her axe sorely diminishes the jazz man's celebratory macho pride. His resistance to her affects every echelon in jazz. Typical is the impresario who dismissed a booker's atypical suggestion that he have a fine woman trumpeter (Chlora Bryant) play with a concert-assembled group. Admonished the impresario, "Who wants a *girl* trumpet player?!" This Monterey Jazz Festival impresario would have dismissed just as automatically a "girl" on saxophone, trombone, drums, bass, vibraphone, guitar and, most flagrant of all, "on" baton.

The only acceptable parts for her are singing at the microphone or playing at the piano or the harp. Three formidable pianists instantly come to mind: Mary Lou Williams, Marian McPartland, Toshiko Akiyoshi—all three composers as well though only Toshiko Akiyoshi leads a band, significantly formed around 1972, with her husband, Lew Tabackin, an extraordinary tenor man. It is she that receives praise for a "fiery, powerfully articulated" style about which there is "nothing delicately feminine," the kind of double-edged compliment that originally ignited this reflection on women in jazz.

A few years ago, a tenor saxophonist named Mary Fettig joined Stan Kenton's band, and the then-women's page of the daily *Times* headlined STAN KENTON'S HOT TENOR SAX IS A 20-YEAR-OLD WOMAN. The reporter covering the anomalous occasion queried Mary Fettig, "Are there often women good enough to find a place with Kenton?" Mary Fettig replied, "I guess there are. But I haven't run into them." The reporter queried Kenton on Fettig's ability. Kenton replied in kind, "She plays like a man." And so it continues to come full circle as macho hyperbole reinforces machisma self-defense. *Les femmes de jazz* are inspired to have ostensible masculine tone and drive (certainly nothing "delicately feminine") even though Lester Young—the "President"—rendered yin and yang irrelevant to the way even jazz men began to play their axe forty years ago.

LINDA KUEHL

(Linda Kuehl, a New York-based writer and critic, is completing a biography of Billie Holiday for Harper & Row.)

AN APPEAL—The Thomas A. Dooley Foundation is starting a two-year demonstration program in Nepal of what "telemedicine" can do to combat the fatal diseases chronic in much of the Third World. Chief among these are malaria and schistosomiasis (snail fever) which afflicts two hundred million people. Also seven-eighths of the children born in the developing world are protein-malnourished—which means brain impairment and mental retardation.

The new project will show how the utilization of radio, powered by windmills, solar panels and water wheels can improve medical care. It will instruct health workers in the use of these means. (The Dooley Foundation has been working in Nepal since 1963.) Funds to set up this program and continue its training of nurses, medical technicians and physical therapists are urgently needed. Address: The Thomas A. Dooley Foundation, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

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CIVIL RELIGION IN EARLY AMERICA

R. EMMETT CURRAN

Sons of the Fathers: The Civil Religion of the American Revolution

CATHERINE L. ALBANESE

Temple, $12.50

"A people who are new and rootless," the author of this impressive book reminds us, "must expend huge amounts of energy in maintaining their identity." (p. 222) This rings particularly true in the aftermath of the rites of self-celebration that pre-occupied us during the Bicentennial. It seems significant that it took us two years to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of our birth as a nation whereas England, a much older and deeper rooted nation, found a week adequate time to mark the silver jubilee of its national personification, Elizabeth II. *Sons of the Fathers* is an attempt to explore the genesis of the peculiar national identity that our forefathers made for us through the experience of the Revolution. Albanese sets out an inner history of the national consciousness that emerged under the pressure of the events that made us a separate people.

Understanding religion as the fundamental way in which one orients oneself to the world, the author sees the American Revolution as constituting in itself a religious experience which provided the fundamental basis for the national faith which academicians now denote as civil religion. Robert Bellah ten years ago first called attention to the fact that "there actually exists alongside of and rather clearly differentiated from the churches an elaborate and well-institutionalized civil religion in America." In the past decade a good deal of scholarly heat has been generated over the nature and content of this religion, its relationship to traditional religions, its present vitality, and indeed its very existence. *Sons of the Fathers* is a major contribution to the literature.

Catherine Albanese secures a fresh angle of vision on the subject (and in the process gives us a fresh look at ourselves) by utilizing the methodologies and categories of such disciplines as cultural anthropology, structural linguistics, and the history of religions, particularly the latter. She cites the appropriateness of applying disciplines associated with the study of primitives inasmuch as the United States is finding itself more and more in a primitive-like situation in which the explicit religious dimension occupies a smaller and smaller compartment of people's lives while the implicit religious dimension gives individuals their basic identity and values. So she analyzes spoken word and written, ballads, rituals, toasts and other artifacts of the period to tap the hidden assumptions of late eighteenth century Americans and to trace the subtle shift in consciousness and sensibilities that produced the myth of the Revolution.

That myth, she argues persuasively, had great power in providing a center for identification and compelling Americans to action. The Patriots succeeded because, among other things, they had a better story to tell than the Loyalists. The myth grew basically out of the Puritan tradition but transcended it. Emory Elliott has recently examined the struggles of the second and third generations of Puritans to free themselves from a filiopietism that condemned the sons for being unfaithful to the heroic ways of their fathers (*Power and the Pulpit in Puritan New England*). Albanese shows that the jeremiad was alive and well in mid-eighteenth century America. The sons were still walking very much in the fathers' shadows, but paradoxically the jeremiad was psychologically freeing them, as it had freed their ancestors of the late seventeenth century, to pursue their own business. An important part of that business by the third quarter of the eighteenth century was securing their independence, not only from England but from the myth of their fathers.

The Revolution thus became the Exodus by which the sons freed themselves from the fathers to become centers of power and authority in their own right. By the era of the Revolution both revivalism and liberalism—the two eighteenth century movements that carried the shattered components of the original Puritan synthesis of heart and head—were laying the groundwork for a new synthesis by their common concern for virtue. Such moralism had implications for self-reliance and individualism that would shape the patriots' attitude toward the political confrontation that began with the Stamp Act crisis in 1763. Out of the traditional Puritan myth of an elect people on God's errand to find a perfect society came a new myth that soon was taken up in the middle and southern colonies because it responded to their needs as well as those of New England.

The new myth described the new order of the ages that Americans saw themselves inaugurating as the first colonial people in modern history to win their independence and to establish a government on the principle that the people could rule themselves. The new myth was essentially man-centered. The liberty tree was the chief religious symbol in the establishment of the myth and the Sons of Liberty the missionaries for spreading the civil religion of the Revolution. The ostensible god of the new religion was Nature's God, the divinity of reason who as the Great

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Governor was predisposed to leave the disposition of human events to men themselves who acted in accordance with natural law. In fact the real God was man. George Washington thus became not only the metaphorical father of his country but the collective symbol of the divinity that is in all Americans, a first among equals. Washington stands as the archetypal American in the new dispensation.

The new religion was above all concerned with human rights and values. Liberty became interchangeable as a value with property, which now became a man-made transcendent, having the sacred character previously associated with divine beings. The religion had its demonology also. Those who were the greatest threats to American liberty and property, the British as well as American traitors like Benedict Arnold, filled the satanic roles. Militarism became the form of a new conversion experience that transported Americans into a religious universe that centered on American society and demanded the ultimate sacrifice as a proof of loyalty to the national sovereignty.

Albanese offers Freemasonry as the church of the religion of the Revolution. When one considers that a majority of the Continental Congress and 52 of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons, one can agree with Albanese that the Brotherhood "subtly operated as a vehicle for the promulgation of a new religious structure" which emphasized virtue, self-fulfillment and the exaltation of reason. Utility became the chief value and useful knowledge became the *summum bonum* of education in the new republic.

The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are, in Albanese's exposition, not the sacred scriptures but the chief sacraments of the new religion insofar as they ensure the continual regeneration of the republic. The secular character of the Constitution underscores for the author the essential humanocentric character of the new religion which the Constitution institutionalized. Standing as a deposit of faith against which all future experience would be judged, the Constitution, Albanese concludes, was simply Liberty Tree reborn in a form to endure through time. The Constitution was the embodiment of the New Covenant that we had made, not with God, but with ourselves (This all seems to make the Constitution church, scripture, and sacrament. Where this leaves the Masons I'm not sure).

Albanese's study is valuable for showing that American civil religion during this formative period very much had its own content. Although she handles her materials with sophistication and weaves an intricate account of the genesis of this religion, one wonders whether she has sufficiently caught the complexity of the shift of consciousness that produced the communal sense of being American. This process, as Elliott and Sacvan Bercovitch have shown, began long before the Revolution. Albanese is quite aware of this, yet there is still a somewhat static quality to the Puritan myth that she sets up in contrast to the new myth that replaced it. For instance, she makes much of the universal consciousness of the Revolutionary generation in contrast to their English-minded ancestors, which does not seem to do justice to the universalist dimensions within American Puritanism itself as John Winthrop's famous symbol of the city on the hill connotes. One wonders too whether that man-centered myth established itself as dominantly as she suggests.

What she illuminates about the civil religion of the Revolution is that it is largely idolatrous in passing off what is man-made as transcendent. Any religion worth its salt represents something more than a "social construction of reality," some other that transcends our experience. If this is not the core of the civil religion we have inherited, it is a pious fraud that deserves to suffer the mass apostasy that some observers have detected since the late sixties. *Sons of the Fathers* is another reminder of the subtle ways we have of making God in our own image.

Albanese's use of the methodology and language of the history of religions is illuminating but seems overdrawn at times in applying categories developed from the study of pre-logical societies to an advanced one like the United States. The use of totemism for instance, to explain the relationship between Washington and his countrymen, fails to convince, particularly in light of the ambiguous evidence she cites regarding his popularity.

She is a gifted writer whose language has a freshness to it that matches the originality of her approach. Unfortunately her natural style is somewhat marred by an overuse of the turgid jargon of the disciplines she utilizes, creating at times the two-in-one effect that Albanese finds so prevalent in the paradoxical character of Americans.

The Camera of My Family

CATHERINE HANF NOREN

Knopf, $20

Hannah's Daughters: Six Generations of an American Family: 1876-1976

DOROTHY GALLAGHER

Crowell, $10.95

SAM BASS WARNER, JR.

These are two highly readable and moving books in the modern genre of do-it-yourself history. Catherine Noren's *The Camera of My Family* is a book of family pictures with a text of letters and a little connecting narrative. Dorothy Gallagher's *Hannah's Daughters*, is an edited series of interviews with a few family pictures. Noren's family are German Jews, victims and escapees of the Nazi holocaust. Gallagher's family consists of six generations of American women who are fodder for our nation's urbanization.

Although the first book is primarily pictures, the second primary text, and although one concerns the German *haute bourgeoisie*, the other the American working poor, both powerfully evoke a sense of individual integrity and personal heroism. Both artfully

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lift the details of domestic life to the level of significant history.

But significant of what? This popular new type of history eschews the didactic ways of our historical narrative tradition, and avoids as well the ordered arguments of academic social science history. Instead, the authors arrange source material for the reader's inspection.

The power and effect of the new style lies in its very ambiguity. The photograph is the most deceptive of all documents since it is at once loaded with specific detail and at the same time carries few clues about the motives or position of the photographer. Most written texts give more abundant evidence about why the document was created and what the author thought his work signified.

Oral history, the edited records of interviews, are also ambiguous since they are records of an unspecified interaction between the interviewer and the interviewee—a public presentation of self to an audience of one. This performance is in turn edited and reordered by the listener for publication. The exercise is something like excerpting lines from a play whose title and plot was unknown to us.

Everything in these books, however, meets the essential test of history writing—they represent actuality, the events recorded really happened, they tell the truth. But the reader must supply his own context, he must decide what the facts are the truth about. It is this new relationship between historian and reader which, I think, accounts for the popularity of this new documents style. The author prepares and lays out his materials which then allow the reader to have an historical experience.

What a fine historical experience these two books offer. To my imagination, *The Camera of My Family*, is a story about the durability and the vulnerability of the modern middle class family. The Strausses, the Wallachs, and the Hanfs were German Jews who rose slowly from farming and small merchant lives to success as modern businessmen. Textiles were the dominant line, but family life was their specialty. Most of the photographs date from 1890 to 1930. They are pictures of the children, the young mothers and fathers, family reunions, vacations, homes, factories and shops, and even some servicemen in the Kaiser's army. The abundance of the collection, the clothing, the furnishings, and the author's comments on family stories and rituals, all testify to the delight of these people in family life, and their pleasure and success in moving out into the possibilities of the modern world.

The strong ties of family enabled many of them to escape Nazi Germany, and with both personal and family energy to reestablish themselves in the United States, England, the Netherlands, Argentina, and even Germany. The documents of the Nazi attack on the family—the forms and applications, the letters to relatives, and, most chilling of all, the Auschwitz diary of a man who survived by being a clerk in the camp—are unnerving. The collapse of the civility which had enabled these apolitical humans to flourish destroyed many family members who could not escape. As a history it stands as a fearsome reminder of the vulnerability of all human lives which today depend upon the containment of the violence and savagery of the modern nation state.

Hannah's Daughters is quite the opposite sort of story; war hardly touches them, and when it does it comes as prosperity. What the Strausses, Wallachs, and Hanfs know—how to live as a family in a modern urban industrial society—is just what the Lambertson daughters don't know, and their suffering comes from that lack of skill and self-esteem. This short book consists of a series of interviews of a 99-year-old woman, Hannah, and her daughters and granddaughters aged 81 to 22. The tale begins with the death of Hannah's mother, and her being sent to board as a small neglected child in her grandmother's loveless Michigan home. Hannah and her daughters and their families are representatives of the fringes of the westward migration of the American poor—from the forests and farms of northern Michigan to the forests and farms of Washington state.

The loveless home perpetuates itself generation after generation. Always poor and lonely, passed about as children as families dissolve and economic necessity demands, the women marry early and choose badly. They have children because women have children, and they have children because they are unhappy. And they work, work hard, and ceaselessly. In six generations they prosper, as the American economy does. They move from a cabin in the woods to a modern house with all the appliances, but only the youngest ever finishes high school, and no one enjoys the luxury of a career. Hannah's daughters are as American as Ms. Noren's family are German. Theirs is the culture of poor American farmers—independent, hard-working, isolated. The suffering and heroism in their lives rests in the conflict between the ways of the old rural society and the skills and disciplines of the new urban and industrial world. I don't recall ever having read a more convincing account of the human costs which that enormous social transformation exacted.

The Cancer Connection and What We Can Do About It

LARRY AGRAN

Houghton Mifflin, $8.95

Cancer and Chemicals

THOMAS H. CORBETT, M.D.

Nelson-Hall, $8.95

RICHARD CONNIFF

The average American tends to think of cancer not at all until he or someone he knows gets it and even then, not unnaturally, only in terms of a cure. Will chemotherapy save me? Will surgery? Will, more desperately, Laetrile? The times, having produced cures for polio and other once-epidemic diseases, encourage such thinking. So

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too does the federal government, which spends the bulk of its anti-cancer funds on the heroic and publicly appealing, if thus far futile, search for a cancer cure. In his book, *The Cancer Connection and What We Can Do About It*, Larry Agran argues that we might spend our time and money more profitably in preventing cancer rather than in seeking a cure-all for the disease.

This suggestion will hardly satisfy those most concerned about cancer—the 675,000 Americans who last year learned for the first time that the disease existed in their bodies. Nor will a policy of cancer prevention, requiring them to put health before jobs and profits, win the ready support of many politicians or bureaucrats. But Agran, a lawyer and writer on health, makes two persuasive arguments for this change in cancer policy. First, we cannot expect the development of a cancer cure in this century, or possibly ever. "Marked by tiny halting steps, progress in the search for a cancer cure is likely to follow a slow and uneven course," he writes. "There will be little or no progress against some forms of the disease, perhaps slightly better results against other forms. Cancer, it seems, is not really a single disease susceptible to a single cure. It is a large group of separate diseases." Second, says Agran, though we are ignorant of a cancer cure, we already know much and can, with relative ease, learn more about exactly who and what cause cancer. And, with some sacrifice, we can control or eliminate many of these causes, such as asbestos, sodium nitrite, vinyl chloride, saccharin, dieldrin and hundreds of less notorious carcinogens.

If we fail to exercise such preventive controls, if, that is, we continue on our present course, one in four Americans now living will develop cancer, and one in five of us will die from the disease. Cancer is, as one prominent physician has put it, "the disease of the century."

Prevention begins, according to both Agran and Dr. Thomas H. Corbett, in his book *Cancer and Chemicals*, with the realization that for every cancer there is a carcinogen; the disease does not normally occur spontaneously. This is not always evident to victims of the disease. Because of cancer's long latent period—often as much as 20 or 40 years between exposure to a carcinogen and the first signs of cancer—it has always been difficult to trace the disease back to its source. This factor has enabled many manufacturers dealing with suspected or proved carcinogens to practice what Agran calls an "expose now/regrets later" policy with workers, neighbors, and customers. Protected by the latent period, manufacturers annually put hundreds of new chemicals on the market without ever having tested them for their cancer-producing capabilities. Thus vinyl chloride, a potent carcinogen, served as a propellant in household aerosol products until 1974. No one will ever answer, at least on earth, for the cancers this single "mistake" has produced and may now be producing.

Only recently have scientists come to realize that most major cancers are similarly chemical in origin. Agran blames perhaps 90 percent of all cancers on environmental carcinogens, while Corbett puts the figure at 80 percent. It is one of the failings of both books that, while they effectively detail incidents of carcinogenic pollution and consequent human suffering and death, they do not elaborate on these startling figures. Both writers leave the reader wondering whether "environmental" carcinogens include one's own cigarette smoke or the sun, which causes almost all of the many skin cancers reported annually. Some hard facts about the extent of our involuntary exposure to carcinogens nationwide, in our air, our drinking water, and our food, might have tied together the somewhat episodic material of both books, and would have made more forceful what are already persuasive arguments.

It wasn't too much government that killed Pete Gettelfinger or Joe Fitman. On the contrary, these men died because there were no effective government controls reaching into their workplaces. There was no governmental presence to shield them from the unnecessary chemical abuses to which they were exposed. They were not victims of an overbearing government; they were victims of a brand of industrial anarchy—a production ethic that says anything goes until something goes wrong.

—The Cancer Connection

Still, both Agran and Corbett have produced interesting, useful, and at times deliberately enraging books. Agran combines scientific detail and generally well-thought-out preventive recommendations with the sorry stories of individuals whose lives cancer has cut short. He suggests we get control of cancer and thus of our own lives by requiring manufacturers to demonstrate beforehand that their new products are not carcinogenic, and by licensing and carefully regulating manufacturers of dangerous products. But Agran passes only briefly over the experience of vinyl chloride manufacturers in meeting strict federal standards, when that experience might have helped us judge how well industry can afford such regulation.

Corbett, a clinical investigator who helped expose the contamination of human and animal food throughout Michigan with polybrominated biphenyls, concerns himself with more purely scientific matters, most interestingly his struggles to demonstrate the carcinogenicity of certain chemicals to reluctant and profit-oriented bureaucrats and manufacturers. He is more thorough, if less stirring, than Agran, especially in detailing the chemical sources of cancer. Both writers are interesting, particularly after the recent saccharin debacle that unfairly discredited the scientific community, in demonstrating how generally reliable are the methods used by scientists in testing the cancer-producing capabilities of a given chemical. But it is one of the odder aspects of both Corbett's and Agran's books that, after repeatedly demonstrating how little we can rely on government to protect us from can-

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cer, both writers urge, as a first step toward prevention of the disease, the creation of new anti-cancer bureaucracies.

The Catholic Rediscovery of Protestantism

PAUL M. MINUS, JR.

Paulist, $5.95

KILIAN McDONNELL

Anyone who has engaged in ecumenical activity over a long period will see how clearly that experience involves a tension between preservation of religious identity in faithfulness to Christ and transformation of that identity through openness to what the divine initiative has done in other communions, also in faithfulness to Christ and to the Gospel. Focusing on personalities (Fernand Portal, Father Paul of Graymoor, Yves Congar, Joseph Metzger) and on developments within Roman Catholicism since the 19th century, Paul Minus has sketched a Catholic rediscovery of Protestantism within the framework of preservationist and transformationist motifs.

There was considerable ecumenical activity on the part of Roman Catholics during the last century and during the first half of this century. But up until Vatican II the official Catholic ecumenical stance was one-sidedly preservationist, when official ecumenism existed at all, which it generally did not. Then at the Council the Catholic Church emerged as an ecumenical pace-setter and the transformationist motif received its due. The change was breathtaking.

During the next decade, especially through bilateral conversations, the preservationist and transformationist tensions produced a theological consensus which was greater than that which emerged from all the ecumenical discussions since the Reformation. The decade 1964-1974 was the decade of dialogue. There now exist broad areas of theological agreement which the churches have yet to digest and appropriate.

One would expect that after such major advances—spelled out by Minus—at least the experts would see what is to be found in our relevant ecumenical future. In the fall of 1974 there was an invitational meeting of ecumenists in Rome, delegates chosen by a committee of Protestants and Catholics, which discussed the ten years of dialogue since the publication of the Decree on Ecumenism. To these specialists, many of them ecumenical pioneers, it was abundantly evident what had happened in that decade. But no one knew or felt confident enough to predict what direction the ecumenical movement would take in the years to come. Ecumenical affairs were at an impasse. To a large extent the movement had been made miserable by success. Some of the churches drew back at the threat which the consensus posed. At the Rome meeting there were clarion calls for bold action but neither the consensus nor the experts could indicate where to put the next foot. And that is about where we still are.

One of the lessons of the Catholic rediscovery of Protestantism is the human dimensions of ecumenism. Minus cites Charles Butler, an English Catholic layman, who in 1816 objectively examined Catholic, Orthodox and Protestant beliefs and concluded with a Pietist-like plea: "If we cannot reconcile all opinions, let us reconcile all hearts." The negative possibilities in this attitude is that one will be satisfied with an ecumenism of feelings. Or, ecumenism will be based too exclusively on a shared experience, so that the objectivities of the faith are neglected. At its worst this found its expression in the dictum "Dogma divides; experience unites." This has never been a dominant Catholic temptation. We have been so rooted in an objectivist tradition—sometimes even raging objectivism—that shared experience usually received the slightest nod of recognition.

Early in the Catholic efforts at ecumenism there was an awareness of the positive possibilities in the Pietist plea. Minus rightly gives the Malines Conversations an important place in ecumenical history. Fernand Portal, with Viscount Halifax, opened up dialogue with the Anglicans under the patronage of Cardinal Mercier. Portal saw the role of friendship in ecumenical progress and he published a little known essay on the subject.

Minus's recounting of the Malines Conversations brought to my mind an incident in the late '60s when the members of the National Lutheran-Catholic dialogue were studying ministry. In this context the questions the Catholic theologians in the consultation had to answer reduced themselves quickly to two: Can one be an authentic (read valid) minister of the Gospel if one has not been ordained by a bishop? Can a minister not ordained by a bishop celebrate an authentic (valid) Eucharist? The traditional answer had been an unequivocal "no." How well I remember a caucus of the Catholic delegation during which someone said of a Lutheran theologian in the dialogue: "You cannot know Arthur Carl Piepkorn and think that his Eucharist is not valid." Piepkorn, now deceased, had been part of the dialogue from the beginning and deep bonds of friendship had been formed. This declaration could be understood as a kind of hippie theology: "He is a real good guy; his Eucharist must be o.k." Rather it was a kind of theological-spiritual discernment in the framework of friendship which perceived the authentic reality of eucharist ministry in spite of the absence of bishops. In the final statement of the dialogue the weight of the arguments were theological and historical but the above-mentioned discernment played a role in the request of the Catholic participants to their ecclesiastical authorities that the Roman Church think of the possibility of officially recognizing the authenticity of Lutheran eucharistic ministry.

Shared experience and the union of hearts should not be dismissed—and Minus does not do so—as Pietist fluff. Minus notes that it was out of the experience as an observer at Vatican II

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that Douglas Horton spoke, not only for the other Protestant observers but also for the Fathers of the Council in relation to their acquaintances among the Protestants present, when he said: "Because you have made us your friends, nothing important to you can be unimportant to us: we shall never again be indifferent (however we may disagree) to anything in your theology, your polity, your liturgy. Let this relationship of simple human friendship be carried from the center you have created here to the boundaries of Christendom and we have at least the beginnings of ecumenism."

The Malines Conversations, whose fiftieth anniversary was celebrated last year, also demonstrate how influential small initiatives can be. The total number of participants in each of the five sessions never exceeded ten persons, and usually there were less.

At the end of the book Minus calls attention to the ecumenical retreat which coexisted with the ecumenical advance during the decade after Vatican II. Especially those of us who are professionally involved in ecumenism yearn for those years when we rode the crest of the wave with such grace and poise. But the serious work goes on even when that perfect wave has spent itself.

Without attempting to suggest an adequate critique for the present malaise one can at least say two things. 1) The public attention span can only be stretched so far and then it tires and falters. And this irrespective of the inherent merits of a movement or of the goals yet to be achieved. 2) As a monk I recall that monastic life periodically flourishes and wanes. One can graph these fluctuations over the centuries. And when it wanes, as it does now, it is not necessarily because monastics have been unfaithful to their calling. Even the most fervent monasteries can suffer decline. On the refectory walls of my monastery is a picture of a stump of a tree with a small sprouting branch emerging from the side. Under the stump is the inscription *succissa virescit.* "When cut down [monastic life] grows again."

Minus reminds us that "ecumenical pilgrims have repeatedly encountered impasses, delays, and detours; their presence today should occasion no surprise." Undoubtedly under a different form, but certainly somehow it will grow again. This book is an eloquent testimony to the dogged persistence of its life.

A Girl in Winter

PHILIP LARKIN

Overlook Press, $8.95

Sleep It Off, Lady

JEAN RHYS

Harper & Row, $7.95

JOHN HEIDENRY

Jean Rhys and Philip Larkin are widely recognized, though belatedly in the case of the former, as two of England's most important writers. Neither is in any danger of being prolific. Rhys, born in Trinidad in 1894, has published only six books; while Larkin, born in 1922 and long-time librarian at the University of Hull, has to his credit only two novels and a handful of volumes of poetry. They belong to that ever fecund race of English writers whom the English have no lack of but who one by one must be discovered by the rest of the world, usually when Penguins or an American publisher grants them mass or U.S. publication. To more or less degree, writers like H.E. Bates and Laurie Lee, for example, and dozens of children's book writers, have undergone the same rite of passage. But Rhys and Larkin are somewhat more special. A. Alvarez has even gone so far as to declare Jean Rhys "the greatest living English novelist." Not to be outdone, James Mortimer has pronounced *A Girl in Winter* "among the best novels of the twentieth century." In the best of the anthologies of modern British poetry, *British Poetry Since 1945,* its editor Edward Lucie-Smith concedes Larkin to be, in addition, "probably the most important poet to establish himself in England since the war." And yet, though Larkin was chosen to be editor of the *Oxford Book of English Verse,* and much of Rhys's earlier work is now being republished, both writers still live in that half-world, the far side of bestsellerdom, of neglect or at best success d'estime.

Considering these two writers is also occasion to reflect briefly on whatever happened to English letters in the twilight of her second golden age. No more, to be sure, will English writers ever again produce the great romances and adventures that were a part of empire—writers like Kipling, Stevenson, Conrad. As for satire, that watermark of English literature, that is traditionally an erratic genre, written by a black sheep of letters; and there is never any safe predicting its second coming. At the moment, however, it would seem that novelists like Iris Murdoch, Muriel Spark, and Anthony Burgess are at best able to write novels that are more like unwitting parodies of themselves than anything else. Then, to overlook entirely the gothic romance, there is that perennial and eventually rather tiresome manifestation of the English spirit—the fairy-tale for grownups, which originated ages before Lewis Carroll and George Macdonald, was kept afloat by professorials like C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien, and has most recently been exported abroad in an enormous bedtime tale like *Watership Down,* which is but the tip of an iceberg of a peculiarly whimsical English subgenre that is mostly written by good-humored, pipe-smoking chaps and clever retired schoolmistresses who also are not above keeping up with the cost of living. But as for "real literature"—what happened to it?

What happened, I think, is that in a most typically self-effacing way it has alone managed to endure as something worthwhile in English letters and to preserve what is best in English life and ethos. It takes for its inspiration nothing more—or less—than domestic strife and conquest, and its progenitors include E.M. Forster, Ford Madox Ford, Henry James, who themselves have their roots in Trol-

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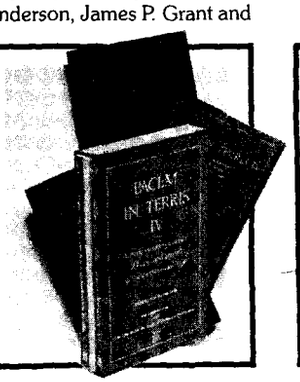

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lope; Trollope, that is, not Dickens, who was not a domestic novelist at all, but the first Englishman to write a detective story and who laid the blueprint for the grand metaphysical extroversions of Hardy and Conrad.

No, Jean Rhys is probably not England's greatest living novelist; nor is *A Girl in Winter*, as superb a book as it is, truly the equal of those works by twentieth-century English novelists which by consensus belong to the world's masterpieces. For that matter, given the ambiguity inherent in the word "established" as used by Lucie-Smith, I am not so sure that England's greatest postwar poet was not an American, Sylvia Plath, who had settled in England before her suicide. Perhaps implicit in the use of the term is *surviving*, in which case there is no contesting.

But what a joy these books are both as achievements of hard-won, brilliantly subdued style; and as compassionate meditations on the less heroic—that is, the ordinary and everyday—aspects of the human lot. Larkin's world is perhaps decidedly grey, if not bleak. His poems are those of the bookish skeptic who is mildly perplexed by passionate argument, political or religious, which tends to take on a life of its own and loses sight of the small anxieties and hopes, defeats and triumphs, that give shape to the real truths—and lies—of a person's life. His girl in winter is a German girl named Katherine who works in a library, no less, in a city very much like Hull during wartime. That her nationality is never quite disclosed is a good example of Larkin's novelistic method of highlighting a problem—not at all laboriously—indirectly by always assuming it to be self-evident to begin with. Years earlier she had been a summer guest of the family of a boy named Robin with whom she had had a high-school correspondence. Now, back in England, she tries to re-establish contact, worries whether she has done the right thing, and finally is able to come to terms with herself—to grow out of that central experience of her adolescence—in her confrontation with a much changed and disappointing Robin, who is a boyishly drunken soldier now and not at all the charming idealist of his youth. Over the years she has inevitably played with the idea of a marriage proposal from Robin; seeing herself as the more mature of the two and rejecting him; or again, feeling herself inexplicably attracted to him and wondering how she could ever adjust to a life of complacent ease in the Oxford countryside. When the proposal does come, in the heart of the winter of her discontent, she has already worked out an independent existence for herself; they must at last go their separate ways; and outside the falling snow, no easy presage of spring, redeems the grey world as a symbol of implacable destiny—that what must happen will happen. And that is consolation enough.

Jean Rhys by contrast, as is only to be expected of a Trinidadian, is a touch more exotic. If her prose is bare-bones, there is a ring on the skeleton's hand. Her world, with its center in the tropics and its colonies in London, provincial England, Paris, and other cities and places, is hardly grey like Larkin's; and yet it is permeated by a sapphire stillness. The mood is invariably one of restlessness—of a long tropical boredom in which small events change lives forever and lead up on the Richter scale to the apocalypse.

The sixteen stories in *Sleep It Off, Lady* are mostly concerned with young girls, women between affairs, older women; and what they all have in common is a determination to keep a tight hold on their own personality and not let anybody wrest it from them—not the venal Captain in "Goodbye Marcus, Goodbye Rose" who tries to seduce twelve-year-old Phoebe; nor the people in the village in the title story who are determined to dismiss old Miss Verney as nothing more than a recluse trying to keep up a respectable front when everybody knows she is in her cups. What everybody doesn't know about is the terrifying Armageddon the old lady is living through largely because of a large brown rat that haunts the backyard where Miss Verney must empty the trash. When she is found unconscious, sprawled out beside the dust bin, where she had lain all night, the people of the village learn at last that her enfeebled condition was due to a heart condition, not drink. She had brought in the dust bin from outside the gate where the trashmen left it, and had been trying to weigh it down again with heavy rocks to keep the rat from tipping it over, when she passed it.

It is difficult to summarize both the literary grace and sure wisdom of the heart that these two books contain. They are exciting in the sense that they will alter the sensibility of anyone who reads them; and this, after all, is the only true test there is of good and lasting literature.

Hermit of Peking

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

Knopf, $10.00

PHILIP TERZIAN

In August, 1973 Sir Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, was presented with the manuscript memoirs of Sir Edmund Backhouse (1873-1944), the "hermit of Peking," for deposit in the Bodleian Library. Backhouse was little known to Trevor-Roper then, as indeed he is little known to us today: a mysterious English baronet, resident in China for most of his adult life, co-author of the classic *China under the Empress Dowager* (1910), extravagant benefactor of the Chinese collection at the Bodleian.

One can easily imagine Trevor-Roper settling into his armchair, adjusting his glasses and pipe and beginning to examine the evidence. One can also easily imagine the glasses popping off and the pipe falling out in astonishment as he read along, for Backhouse's memoirs turned out to be not only unremittingly obscene, but obscene in connection with many and various literary and

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historical figures: homosexual lover of Verlaine and Lord Rosebery, a well-placed squinter through the keyhole of modern history, braggart, gossip, his eerie self moving in and out of fantasy lingering with fact and speculation.

Thus began Trevor-Roper's quest for Backhouse, much as A. J. A. Symons embarked on his quest for Corvo half a century ago, and the results are as remarkable and rewarding. It moves along two levels: as insight into the process of historical inquiry, and as revelation of an elusive and grotesque personality. What is historical truth? Some boxes of papers, fleeting references in correspondence, yellowing newspaper columns, corporate records and archives. For Backhouse there are half-remembered and sometimes totally forgotten documents squirreled away around the world that, pasted together with industry and inductive speculation, somehow manage to take the form of a portrait—or, more properly, a charcoal sketch. He left in his wake a trial of artful deception and a perverse imagination that leads the searcher continually astray, purposefully sends him down one plausible avenue when the truth, discovered long after, is quite the other way.

What has Trevor-Roper found? Backhouse journeyed to China for no discernible reason after failure at Oxford; he concocted vast portions of his historical writings out of forged annals and documents; he defrauded, he lied, he feuded continually with his few friends; he spent his whole life spinning a complex and inexplicable web of fantasy culminating in the memoirs he wrote shortly before his death. Insane, yes; but how insane, and why? A life devoted to deception that would someday be revealed, as Trevor-Roper has so artfully done. But therein lies the mystery and the tantalizing question. All we have to go by are papers and more papers, which Backhouse himself demonstrated tell only half the story, if that much. In the face of such an extraordinary man we thirst for answers that, after the passage of time and with our own inadequate resources, can never be answered. What made him thus? In the light of what we know today, what would it have been like to see him, to know and to talk to him? Why would anyone—in his life so scrupulous and putatively "scholarly"—condemn himself so finally? His portrait stares out at us and its image refuses to go away.

And beyond that, there is an interesting point: how can we gauge our own credulity? Backhouse's reputation remained, with bits and pieces of dissent, firm until now; how can we ever be sure of what we are reading and knowing? Ostensibly, there was never anything in particular about Backhouse to raise suspicion, at least so long as no one looked too close. He was an acknowledged eccentric, but an eccentric of genius, and how many of them have there been, and are revered today? Are there Backhouses lingering in the library more adept at covering their traces? We can never be sure, and must at last decide that, since we

In Prospect

Among the features scheduled to appear in *Commonweal* in coming weeks are thoughtful articles by such contributors as: Arlene Swidler, David Riesman, John Tracy Ellis, Ralph C. Chandler and Joseph Fichter. With others they will provide a wide range of insights on questions of the day.

Our Columnists

These include Abigail McCarthy; Frank Getlein on Washington; Thomas Powers on the Press; Colin Westerbeck, Jr. on the Movies; Gerald Weales on the Stage; John Garvey on Religious Books; John Deedy's "News and Views."

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can never know anything, it is probably better to at least know something.

This is what Trevor-Roper has had to contend with, and he wisely leaves the implications to the reader. Inevitably, one is drawn to think about the spectacle he presents, but Trevor-Roper has been content to introduce us and allow acquaintance to evolve. In the meantime, *Hermit of Peking* remains a masterpiece of historical writing. It may be that Backhouse is a minor figure, and that his exposure will not cause great ripples to pass through the intellectual community, but that is beside the point. Frequently it is the ancillary characters who, illuminated, cast the best light on men and events. The pursuit of historical truth is both detective work and informed speculation, and Trevor-Roper has done both, taking us along in his inquiry, showing us how things add up to fill in the spaces, and how we can not always be certain the spaces are adequately filled. That is also the craft of history: it is well to engage in research, but everything must be tied together and speak to us as a whole, and speak well. As with Backhouse, there are always dark corners and inexplicable gaps—everything does not add up—but we can imagine much, thanks to Trevor-Roper, and draw our own conclusions.

Hermit of Peking is, then, everything that a work of historical inquiry should be. It is about Sir Edmund Backhouse, but also about the habits and vagaries of mankind. It is set largely in China, but it could just as easily be anywhere else, and is not in any sense "Chinese" at all. Trevor-Roper has spun aged documents and fading memories into a monster, but a monster that is, at long last, human, and disconcertingly so.

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Dalton Trumbo

BRUCE COOK

Scribner's, $12.50

PHILLIP CORWIN

The story of James Dalton Trumbo is an authentic American story.

Perhaps that statement might be made about many American writers, but it is the virtue of Bruce Cook's eminently readable biography about him that such a characterization has never seemed more appropriate. Trumbo was a participant, a victim, a survivor, and even—though he denied it—a hero in a series of bizarre historical happenings that engulfed his generation and destroyed many people of lesser fortitude and perseverance.

His life was the stuff that Hollywood melodramas are made of, a script written by the curators of American mythology. Perhaps if he had not become one of the Hollywood Ten, and eventually, the man who almost singlehandedly broke the infamous blacklist, his life would have seemed less spectacular. On the other hand, it might have been even more glamorous, since at the time of his being blacklisted (1947), he was already one of the highest paid screen writers in Hollywood, and famous, with movies such as *Kitty Foyle* and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* to his credit. Appropriately enough, when he finally emerged from behind his several pseudonyms, he did it with a typical flair, as the screen writer of *Exodus* (1962), and soon followed with other major credits, including *The Fixer* and *Papillon*. Meanwhile, during those prolific years in exile, Trumbo managed to win an academy award for *The Brave One* (1957), under the name of Robert Rich.

Nor were Trumbo's achievements limited to the screen. His novel, *Johnny Got His Gun* (1939), stands as one of the great anti-war novels of all time. In addition, there were other novels, original stage plays (*The Biggest Thief In Town* had the best run, a year in London), short stories, pamphlets ("The Time of the Toad"), and theatre criticism. He was the embodiment of the work ethic, as prolific as opinionated, a whirlwind of energy and competitive drive.

And he was a graduate of the rags to riches school, that oversubscribed American academy, a poor boy from a small town in Colorado who had to leave the state college at age 20 to support his two sisters and his mother after his father had died of pernicious anemia. His employ was in a bakery in Los Angeles, and he stayed there for eight years, working the night shift and despising every second of it, going off to work each night, in Cook's words, "as a condemned man, with a sense of almost physical loathing."

But his spirit was never broken. So when he was not working, he was writing; for that was not only his liking, it was also his escape route, his hope, his exorcism for the devils of his daily existence. And his tenacity was legendary. In eight years he wrote six unpublished novels and a horde of stories.

Then in 1934, largely on the basis of two stories he'd published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, he landed his first job in the movie industry, as a reader in the story department of Warner's, at $35 per week. He began to write screen plays in his spare time.

He climbed, slowly but steadily. By the time he was 40 he was making a lot of money as a screen writer and seemed for the first time in his life to be financially secure. And then at the age of 42, along came J. Parnell Thomas and his House Committee on Un-American Activities, and Dalton Trumbo refused to co-operate. In fact, he was the most unco-operative witness the Committee had subpoenaed.

And so Dalton Trumbo went to jail for Contempt of Congress.

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And as a bonus, Dalton Trumbo and nine other outstanding, virtuous men were blacklisted by the movie industry in a rare display of spineless solidarity.

Now the story of the Hollywood blacklist has been told many times, in great detail, particularly by its participants. So it need not be retold here, except to say that Cook has added a few new facts and has generally fitted the whole sordid business into its historical context with admirable objectivity. The portrait of Trumbo that emerges from Cook's presentation, meanwhile, is that of a man of principle whose liberalism opposed the assault on civil liberties that HUAC represented. Trumbo was merely a man who had endured the miseries of the Great Depression, who believed in as much free expression as possible, and who instinctively sympathized with the underdog.

As to why Trumbo joined the Communist Party, he is very explicit to Cook, even if he was willing to go to jail rather than tell J. Parnell Thomas:

> In a time that began with the Depression and the total collapse of the American economy, with fourteen million unemployed, and soon spread throughout the world; in a world that had fascism in Germany, and Spain, and Italy, and an era that culminated in the forties in a war that killed fifty or one hundred million people . . . it was not madness to hope for the possibility of making a better sort of world. And that, I think, is what most of those who joined wanted to do.

Significantly, in 1970, when Trumbo was honored by the Writers Guild with its Laurel Award, conferred annually on "that member of the Guild who has advanced the literature of the motion picture through the years and who has made outstanding contributions to the profession of the screenwriter," he made an acceptance speech in which he forgave his enemies. "We were all victims," he said in a spirit of magnanimity, looking back. "None of us—right, left, or center—emerged from that long nightmare without sin." At 65, he was still a humanist.

Finally, a few words of praise for Cook's biography. Written as it was with the assistance of a tape recorder, and after having visited tens of former Hollywood personalities, the book seems at times to be organized more like a film treatment than like a conventional work of this sort, beginning as it does with the last days of Trumbo's life, and then flashing back to his early childhood, from where it proceeds dexterously through the episodes in Trumbo's life that carry the greatest emotional charge. Indeed, it is a kind of electronic biography, one that makes contact with all the open circuits in Trumbo's life, and at the same time respects the chronology and hard fact that any biography must.

Clearly, Cook liked Dalton Trumbo. And the reason why he chose to write about him seems a fitting way to close a discussion of Trumbo's life:

> He has hung in there—survived, prevailed, even triumphed on a couple of occasions. Ultimately, that is why he is worth our attention. Not primarily as a literary figure, nor because he ever really accomplished so very much politically (what, after all, do you prove by going to jail?), but rather because he is a man of moral stature. It may not even be too much to nominate him as an exemplar of a certain set of American virtues—toughness, independence, persistence—that are becoming fairly rare today.

My Search for the Messiah

MARK JAY MIRSKY

Macmillan, $10.95

ARTHUR A. COHEN

Mark Jay Mirsky's *My Search for the Messiah* is one of the most unpersuasive accounts I have read in a long time. Set down in the midst of a middle-class home in Brookline, Massachusetts, Mirsky began his thrashings early. Full of the conventional wisdom of alienage, too young to be a member of the beat generation and apparently too old to begin any serious study, Mirsky's book is a litany of intellectual press releases—accounts of lectures given by the Rav, Joseph Soloveitchik, chats with the late Harry Austryn Wolfson, an afternoon in Jerusalem with Gershom Scholem (Mirsky's trinity of gurus), interspersed with the most wanton name-dropping, travel itineraries through Israel and America, visits with the exotic Bedouin, and exuberant evocations of how marvelous and difficult it is to be a Jew.

It is chic and unpersuasive and yet Mirsky's book has a curious and elusive power. Cynthia Ozick has called it a "dervish book" which I take to mean the self-mutilating and ecstatic dervishes of North Africa and not the grave and stately mystics of Turkish Islam. There is nothing grave and stately about Mirsky's book. It is written at breakneck speed, breathless, enthusiastic, as though Mirsky believes that if he doesn't keep going, on the move, he'll never catch up with the Messiah just ahead of him. And that may well be true. In fact, quite possibly, that is the point and subtlety of this book, that the Messiah is just around the bend in time, always out of sight, but vaguely over there. At least it was the hope that this was Mirsky's convention which kept me trudging through the sludge of Mirsky's prose.

Mark Mirsky is a novelist. I confess to never having read his novels (I own up here to the fact that he read one

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of mine which he didn't like much at all), but I am told that they are ambitious, full of big bites out of the large issues; however if one can judge from the extracts from his novels which he includes for some reason in this nonfiction essay-travelogue, it does raise certain questions about the differentiation of the fictional style and the essay of self-exegesis. The fictional prose is energetic, vivid, the imagery selective, the exposition (the little that is shown off) quite intelligent. I might read a novel one day by Mirsky, but I will never again pick up his (what is it called, that genre)—nonfiction.

The enterprise of Mirsky's pursuit of Jewish substance (Jewish identity he has abundantly) has enabled him to make contact with three of the indisputable prodigies of modern Judaism; however his account of their life, thought, and charisma is cheap, even vulgar. Harry Austryn Wolfson (whom Mirsky calls "Harry") was perhaps the most learned historian of philosophy produced in this century, an imaginative rationalist who did for the history of Jewish thought from Philo and the Patristics to Spinoza what Etienne Gilson (with a different methodology) did for medieval Catholic thought, that is, define its schema and problematics, its historical resonation, its plenitude and lacunae. Wolfson worked, to use an accessible metaphor, on the theory of the palimpsest, the historical overlays can be filled by reading the writings abandoned or obscured beneath. To write as Mirsky does that "when half the argument is missing, Wolfson jumps in and makes it up" and to persevere in this vulgarization by asserting that "when there is no argument, Wolfson creates one" is to suggest that Wolfson was a kind of clever mountebank. Of course, Mirsky does not think he is a mountebank. Quite clearly, because Mirsky only resorts to calling people by their first names when he is in awe of them and needs to cut them down to his size (hence Harry, but also Mr. Billy for Faulkner and Bernie for Malamud—only Jews are wholly diminished), he knows that Wolfson was a genius and no mountebank. He acknowledges that to call himself a student of Wolfson or of Soloveitchik or of Scholem "is to defame them." I don't quite believe his modesty, although his judgment is in this respect quite correct.

Why then does Mirsky write *My Search?* Why does he put on paper such a mishmash of shorthand opinion, quotation, misconstruction, half-readings of great minds and great texts. It isn't even hagiography for which I would find a noble excuse—genuine love and submission to the authority of better minds. But his are no testimonials to great human beings nor to great teachings, since the "three gurus" he has chosen occupy the center of his stage for about a third of his book. The real celebration of the book, the real center, the real Messiah whom Mirsky will one day find is himself, Mirsky the Messiah—"and all the time I was looking for myself" he may one day write. In the meantime, he puts his foot on everything, on doctrines that look to him like prototypes of some bit of his sacred jargon, on admiration for the followers of Sabbatai Zevi and Jacob Frank, on bits and fragments of his past, on good Israeli writers who were moved by his palpable warmth and open-hearted generosity, on his affectionate nature and on his capacity to be a simple world-wide *shlepper.*

Even before Mark Mirsky finds the Messiah, I do hope he finds a good editor.

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Steinfels (Cont.)

"Shameful!" cries Aryeh Neier, pastor of the First Church of the First Amendment. "Reprehensible!" To think that "special-interest groups" are "trying to use economic leverage to control what's on the air." Economic leverage! Gracious, one hopes they never mention anything as disgusting as that on "Soap." It is hard to imagine what this innocent man of the cloth perceives as controlling what's on the air now, other than economic leverage. Whatever does he think inspired such an exercise in vulgarity and titillation as "Soap" in the first place? With friends like this, does free speech need enemies?

"Everyone," announces another advertising man, "has the right to turn the set off." This is a relief to know; and presumably everyone also has the right to boycott sponsors, unless the

REVIEWERS

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ARTHUR A. COHEN is completing a new novel, *Acts of Theft,* and a novella, *A Spanish Romance,* both of which will appear next year.

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ACLU is planning to take it away from us. Now the chorus of television critics comes onto the scene; they wring their hands and wonder whether the ordinary citizen can possibly be trusted to know when it is appropriate to exercise the first right only and when it might be appropriate to exercise both. Can we draw the line? Is this a threatening trend? Are we throwing the baby out with the "Soap"?

Such agonizing. In fact, news documentaries have always been affected by economic considerations: pre-censorship and censorship to suit sponsors, off-hour scheduling (thus determining how many people are in the audience) to maintain network profits, and occasionally alterations due to outside pressures. These constraints will continue whether or not "Soap" goes down the drain. The real line that recent "consumer action" threatens to cross is the line between money-losing, serious programs and money-making entertainment. No wonder all the melodrama.

I hope the boycott succeeds. I hope "Soap" loses its sponsors. Then we will see the brave ABC executives stand firm for principle, won't we? They'll carry the show along for years, losing millions but preserving us from the wasteland and standing up for "controversial material." Ah, what a show that will be!

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 610)

the Living Spirit in terms of decision-making, social ministry and community spirit.

An experimental community functions very nicely in a fashion similar to a religious community in terms of expanding people's vision of what the Christian life can mean in a practical way. However, it is also subject to the same dangers as a religious community in that it can grow away from contact with the average Catholic in the pew and can become increasingly alienated from them. A parish, unlike such a community, has the responsibility of bringing the reluctant and the unwilling along, to listen to them, minister to them and challenge them.

THEODORE SNYDER

Facts and Fancies

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: It is surely beyond my competence to educate Monsignor Charles Owen Rice away from his epistemological rigidities. But there is one "fact" about which he consistently utters falsehood. The National Opinion Research Center is not *my* company, much less *my* "entity" (Monsignor does remember his Latin, doesn't he?). It has a president, a board of trustees, and a director, none of which I am or ever will be. If the monsignor thinks my scholarship is as dishonest as he says it is, he ought to appeal to these higher authorities to have me thrown out. He will not be the first authoritarian churchman to try that strategy.

On the subject of facts—not that they matter much at *Commonweal*—will someone please ask Peter Steinfels where I attacked the knowledge industry? Admittedly if you are in Peter's unholy trinity of Novak, Moynihan and Greeley, you don't deserve a fair break from him. But, I work for the knowledge industry and, whatever my many sins, am not about to advocate killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

As for the New Class, I'm sure no one there is interested in such things as data, but there is a fine doctoral dissertation done at SUNY-Buffalo by James Barry on the subject. Peter might just want to look at it. He would find it consoling.

(REV.) ANDREW M. GREELEY

Reply

I am pleased that Father Greeley so readily acknowledges, among his many sins, complicity in the knowledge industry; and I would do anything to give him a fair break, including stating that, to my knowledge, he has never, never, attacked the knowledge industry.

Alas, it is not quite so simple. A major component of the knowledge industry—in political discussions a component so controversial as often to be taken for the whole—is the intellectuals. Now I could fill a book with generalizations, mostly uncomplimentary, which Father Greeley has tossed off about intellectuals, professors, academics, etc., with nary a nod to "such things as data." The exercise would be tedious and unprofitable. I thank him, however, for his bibliographical suggestion about the "new class."

PETER STEINFELS

Native Tongues

Youngstown, N.Y.

To the Editors: One of the two priests charged in the death of a West German woman who underwent exorcism, went on German TV with tapes of the exorcism sessions and identified the voices of two demons in the woman as those of Hitler and Nero [News & Views, August 19]. Then you ask: "wonder how he recognized Nero's voice." Well, wonder no more. The demon Hitler was speaking German with an Austrian accent—Nero's with a Roman accent.

(REV.) ERNEST M. CAGNACCI, C.R.S.P.

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